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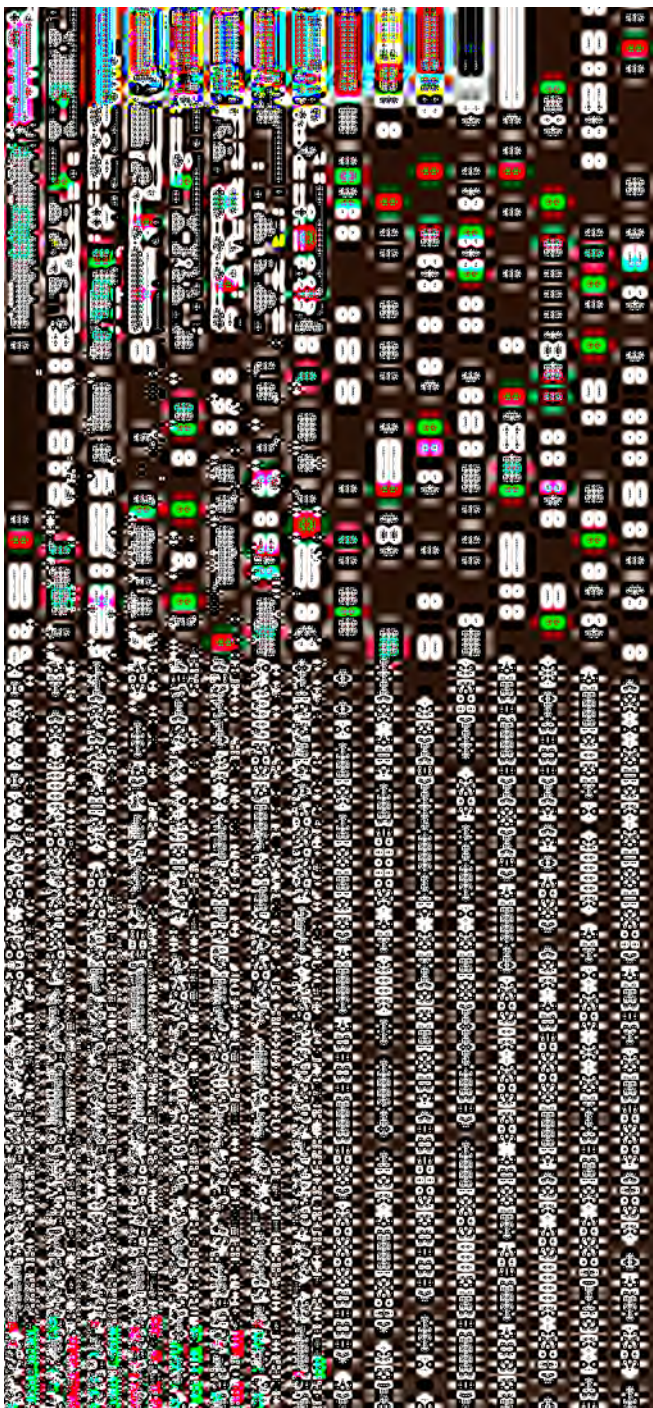
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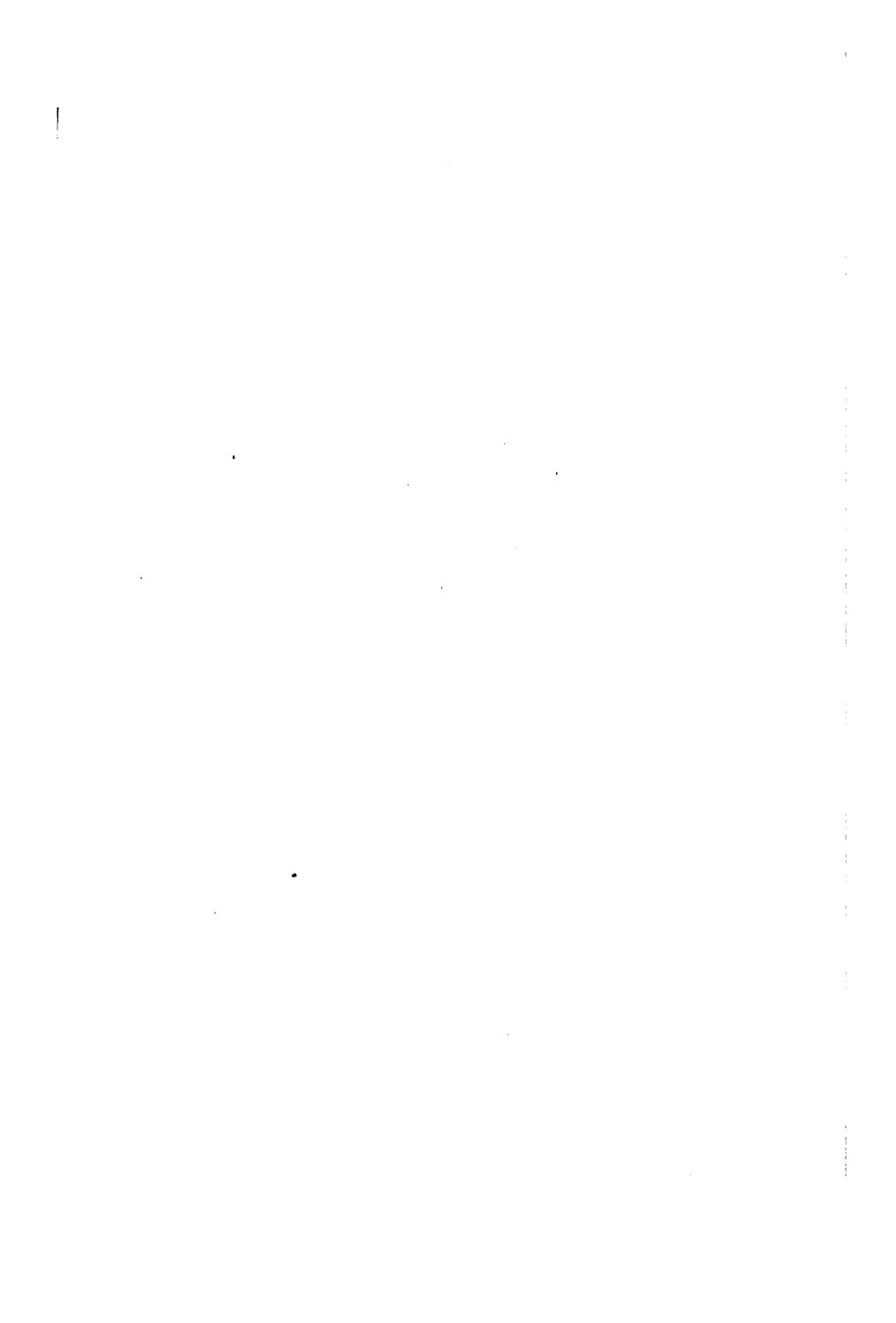
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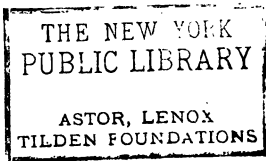
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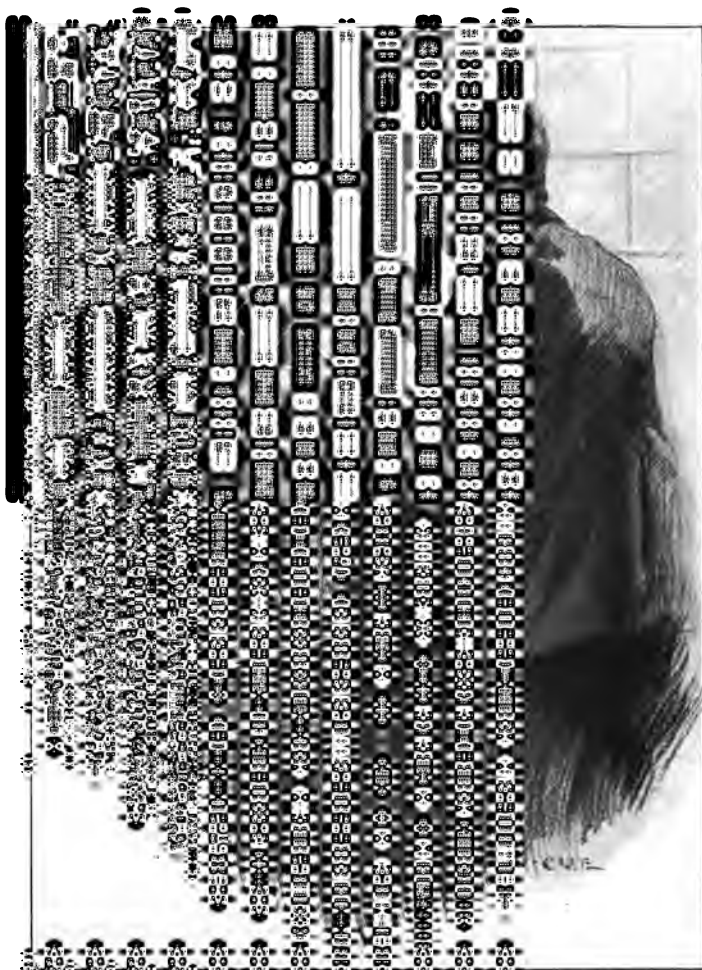
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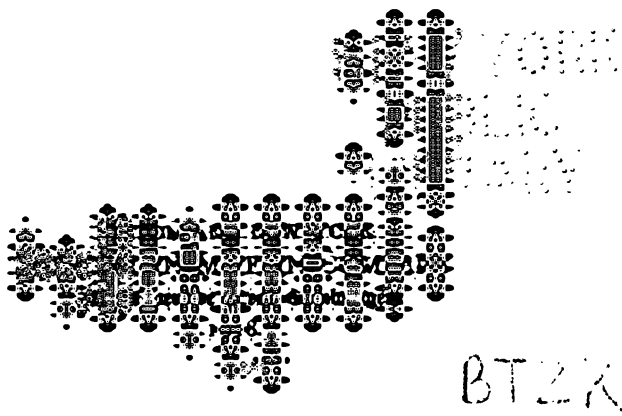
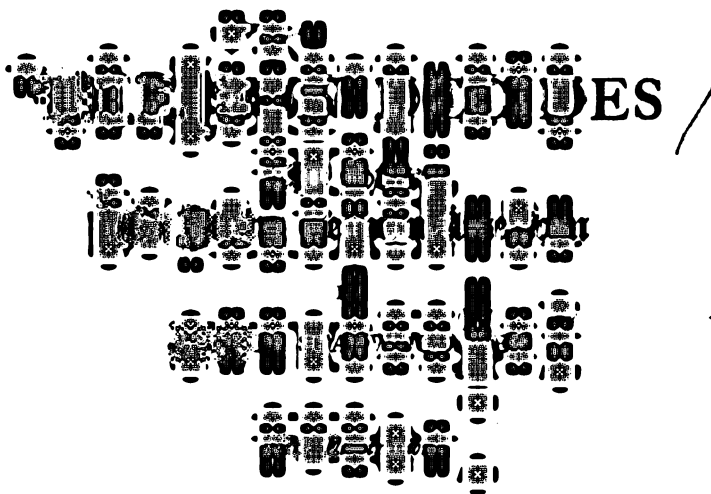
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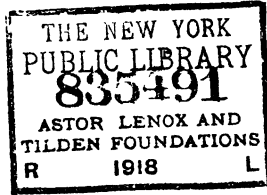
THE SON DECIDES





TABLE; BUT OTHER-
(page 196)





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THE SON DECIDES

I

"THE GERMAN IN HIM"

IT was the afternoon of Saturday, June 27, 1914. The final game in the baseball championship series between St. Timothy's and St. John's was in progress on the athletic field of St. Timothy's School. There were neither bleachers nor grandstand for the spectators; they stood, according to their affiliations, behind ropes drawn on opposite sides of the field. The St. Timothy's supporters were ranged along the first-base line and the St. John's behind the third-base line. Within the ropes on each side were the privileged persons in white tennis flannels whose function it was to stimulate and lead the cheering. There was a certain antiphonal quality to that; each cheer of a rejoicing character that was set in motion on one side provoked immediately a cheer of either a defiant or a heartening nature on the other.

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But now in the ninth inning the cheers of rejoicing from the St. John's followers had become almost continuous, with their white-uniformed leaders leaping back and forth along the line, brandishing arms and megaphones. And conversely, on the St. Timothy's side, the heartening and defiant cheers had dwindled; it was only from a painful sense of duty that the two grave-faced leaders turned from their apprehensive watching of the game to pump out another cheer.

For in the ninth inning the St. John's team seemed to be transforming defeat into victory. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the St. Timothy's team was transforming victory into defeat. An error by the captain at second base had started the disaster, the pitcher had become rattled and had given two bases on balls, and then had allowed the St. John's heavy batter to make a three-base hit; the score had shifted from 4 to 1 in St. Timothy's favor to 4 to 4, there was no one out, and a St. John's runner was prancing up and down on the third-base line.

Kenneth Park, the St. Timothy's pitcher,

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looked distressed. Until this inning he had held the St. John's nine at his mercy; they had been swinging wildly at his swift ball and fouling his slow one, and he had displayed uncanny control of his curves. But this was his first big game, and the sudden turn of fortune had clearly shaken his confidence; his movements, always quick and nervous, had become panicky; he ran forward after pitching each ball and ran back to his place after recovering it; and he rubbed the ball with his hands and rocked back and forth at his hips and dug his right foot into the ground, all with an energy and an emphasis that betrayed his perturbed condition.

Among the St. Timothy's spectators none was gazing with a more intense interest than a big florid man in a gray suit who stood not far from the home plate. He had elbowed his way in among the boys and had got as near the catcher as he could. Instead of resenting his intrusion, the boys, on finding out who he was, had made room for him gladly. He was the father of the St. Timothy's catcher, Rudolf Hertz; and when St. Timothy's was at bat and the St. Timothy's players were sitting on the

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ground near by, Mr. Hertz had leaned over the rope and talked to them with a jovial, boyish enthusiasm. Now that things were not going well, his expression was as troubled and anxious as that of any other St. Timothy's adherent. He kept glancing from the pitcher to his son, the stocky youth who, after receiving the ball, hammered it hard into his mitt and shouted an encouraging word to his hard-pressed colleague.

The catcher's encouragement seemed not enough; the St. John's batter was given his base on balls.

"Ach!" exclaimed Mr. Hertz, turning a distressed face towards the boy next to him. "They should take the pitcher out. He iss gone all to pieces."

"There's no substitute," replied the boy gloomily. "Jim Benson sprained his ankle last week, and Tom Dana has the measles. Ken Park is all we've got."

"Ach, but to keep him working when he iss done! It iss too bad, too bad!"

Mr. Hertz's German accent was more pronounced now that he had become excited. He fixed his eyes on the pitcher imploringly.

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Kenneth Park walked round outside the pitcher's box, shaking his head and passing the ball rapidly from one hand to the other.

"Just a moment, Ken."

The catcher took off his mask and stepped out in front of the plate. He ran his hand through his tousled yellow hair and drew his sleeve across his perspiring face. He was short and strongly built, and the character of his face was in keeping with that of his figure — broad and dogged and sturdy. There was a quiet solidity in the way in which he stood and waited for the pitcher to come up to him.

Rudolf put his arm across Kenneth's shoulders and talked to him earnestly for a few moments. Kenneth listened as earnestly. Meanwhile, St. John's maintained their vociferous shouting, and St. Timothy's stood looking on in silence.

Rudolf ended the conference by patting Kenneth on the back. He returned to his position behind the plate, put on his mask, thumped his mitt with his fist, and shouted, "Now, then, fellows, get this man!"

"Get this man, fellows!" Burton, the cap-

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tain, shouted the command from second base. Infielders and outfielders alike resumed their attitudes of strained expectancy. Kenneth seemed to have shaken off his nervousness. He settled himself with deliberation and then sent in a swift ball, which sped fairly across the plate.

"Strike one!" called the umpire, and St. Timothy's, plucking up courage, gave a cheer.

The batter swung at the next ball and fouled it. "You've got him! You've got him, Ken!" cried Rudolf, and thumped his mitt with his fist. He squatted behind the bat and held out his hands as a target; through the steel wires of the mask his blue eyes and white teeth gleamed cheerfully.

The high inshoot for which he had signaled came swift, the batter swung at it and missed, the ball thudded into the catcher's mitt, and St. Timothy's raised a wild din of applause.

"Good boy, Ken, good boy!" cried Rudolf.

"Get this next man now!" shouted the captain.

Mr. Hertz turned again to the boy beside

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him. "Your pitcher iss not so bad now, what?" he said.

"Rudolf's managed to steady him," replied the boy.

Mr. Hertz smiled and his eyes beamed. "Ah, yes, Rudolf could," he said proudly.

But the next batter did not strike out. Instead he laid a bunt down along the first-base line. Both Kenneth and the first baseman ran to field the ball, Kenneth reached it first, fumbled it, — and the runner from third base slid home, while the two other runners were safe on second and on first. Five to four — and the tumult from St. John's was more prolonged and triumphant than ever. Again Rudolf summoned Kenneth to a conference and talked to him earnestly.

"Hit it out, Jim!" the St. John's player who was coaching off third base shouted to the next batter. "Clinch the game right here!"

The batter pounded the plate with his bat, planted himself firmly, and began swinging to and fro.

"You'll get him, Ken," called Rudolf.

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Get him the pitcher did, on a pop fly to Burton at second base.

"Only one more now," Rudolf cried. "Go after this fellow, everybody!"

It was the big first baseman who stood at the plate; he had cracked out one long hit already, and his size, his attitude, and his determined expression were all menacing. Remembering that it had been a slow outcurve that the first baseman had punished so severely, Kenneth turned on all his speed and strength. The first ball went wide; the second the batter hit hard and square, and sent it on a long line out to left field. Jim Dubois, the chunky little left fielder, raced in to meet it, reached it with outstretched hands, and seeming almost to pluck it from the ground, caught it and clung to it, even while he rolled over and over. St. Timothy's burst into a frenzy of applause; Dubois picked himself up and came running in, the happiest boy on the field, and the other members of the team crowded round him to slap his back and shake his hand.

"Now, fellows," said Burton, the captain, "this is our last chance. Everybody's got to

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hit the ball. We've got to have one run — simply got to!"

It was Jim Dubois's turn at the bat. Perhaps it was too much to expect that immediately after a spectacular feat of fielding he should contribute anything important in the way of batting; moreover, he was notoriously the weakest hitter on the team — placed at the foot of the batting order. He had struck out twice; now the best he could do was to send a trickling grounder towards the short-stop, who easily threw him out at first.

Burton was next up. It was the last time that he would ever wield a bat for St. Timothy's. He had been on the school nine for three years, he had been a popular captain, — yet, if this decisive game were lost, he would always know that his error had led to the defeat. He had been addressing himself even more than the other members of the team when he had said, "We've got to have one run — simply got to!"

St. Timothy's watched him hopefully; all cheering was hushed. He did not disappoint them or himself. A clean single to centre field

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— and the captain had made his last hit for the school.

Mr. Hertz threw back his head and shouted with the rest.

Morgan, the right fielder, stepped up to the plate. He bunted and was thrown out, but his sacrifice had placed Burton safely on second.

It was Kenneth's turn to bat. Cries of encouragement and of appeal, beseeching cries, reached him as he took his place. "Pickle it, Ken, pickle it!" "Win your own game, Ken!" From the St. John's catcher came an utterance hardly less stimulating — "Get this man, and it's all over!"

Kenneth waited until two balls and one strike had been called. Then he swung hard, felt and heard the clean, satisfying crack, caught a glimpse of the ball flying low towards right field, put down his head and ran — while St. Timothy's shouted and leaped and waved flags, and St. John's stood dumb. The long safe hit had brought Burton home; Kenneth, pleased and proud, stood on the bag at first base, and Joe Casson, who had been on the coaching line, sprang forward and hugged him. With the

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score tied the St. John's players began to give evidence of nervousness similar to that which in the preceding inning had affected their opponents. The catcher and two of the infield held a conference with the pitcher, who looked weary and disconcerted.

Rudolf picked out his bat and walked to the plate. "Home run, Rudolf, home run!" called a voice. "Kill it, Rudolf, kill it!" shouted another. "Here's where we win!" sang out a third. "Make yourself famous forever!" cried a fourth.

Carried away by the enthusiasm and excitement, Mr. Hertz leaned over the rope and making a megaphone of his hands bellowed to his son, "On de nose, Rudolf; hit it on de nose!"

The combination of baseball slang and Teutonic accent struck the St. Timothy's boys as irresistibly funny, even in that tense moment; there was a ripple of laughter. Rudolf grinned and Mr. Hertz, delighted apparently with the effect he had produced, turned a smiling countenance upon the crowd surrounding him. "Yes," he said, "dot's de place; on de nose!"

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Then as the catcher returned to his position, Mr. Hertz's face grew earnest and eager, and he crowded hard against the rope; his eyes were fixed intently on his son. "He's the best batter we've got," murmured the boy beside him.

Looking at Rudolf, any one could see why he should be a good batter. His posture was that of one calm and self-confident; his shoulders were powerful; the muscles of his thick, strong arms showed under the close-fitting sleeves. His blue eyes were keen and sparkled with an eager light; he waited motionless, with his bat resting on his shoulder.

He waited until a ball and a strike had been called. On the third pitch he stepped forward and swung with all his might.

It was a tremendous hit, far and high, between left and centre field. The two outfielders raced desperately to get under the ball, but it was traveling too fast. Kenneth was speeding round the bases, the St. Timothy's crowd had become a mere disorganized convulsion of sound and color, Rudolf was speeding after Kenneth; and Rudolf's father, with both arms

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stretched aloft and both fists clenched and his head thrown back, was shouting magnificently over the achievement of his son.

Kenneth rounded third and came flying home. He crossed the plate, and instantly with a wild, triumphant yell the St. Timothy's spectators broke over the rope and swarmed out upon the field. A mob of them bore down upon Rudolf, who was trotting in from second base, seized him, and raised him to their shoulders. Two other groups were performing a similar service for Burton and Kenneth, and still another crowd was chasing Jim Dubois, who, having discovered their intention and feeling suddenly unheroic, was running towards the athletic house.

While Rudolf was being borne, joggling and bobbing, grinning and disheveled, from the field, his father marched along with the group of his supporters, now brandishing a fist exuberantly in air, now blowing a kiss to the hero — part clown, part child, and part adoring and admiring parent.

"On de nose; dot was de place to hit it!" he shouted. And the boys laughed and chuckled,

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nudging one another; Rudolf's father amused and delighted them.

He saw and did not resent their manifestations of mirth.

"Always I am a baseball fan," he proclaimed, waving his fist. "But when Rudolf plays, I become a bug!"

A roar of laughter greeted the announcement. Mr. Hertz, putting both fists to his mouth, went through the motions of one playing the French horn and blatted out, "Ta-ta-ta rum ta ta!"

Amid the merriment some of the boys glanced up at Rudolf, wondering how he felt at seeing his father cut such capers. But Rudolf was not embarrassed in the least; he was smiling down at his father with humorous affection.

In front of the athletic house all St. Timothy's School assembled and under the leadership of one of the youths in white tennis flannels cheered each member of the team. They began with the right fielder, Morgan — "Three times three, fellows, and three long Morgans on the end of it!" — and they worked from the outfield up through the infield to pitcher and

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catcher. Each player, as his name was called, had to step forward on the piazza and stand while he was cheered. Mr. Hertz joined vigorously in the applause: his mighty voice sounded above all the others. The boys round him wondered whether he would cheer for Rudolf or modestly be silent.

Burton, Dubois, and Park had been the three most generously applauded when Rudolf, last to be called, stood up. "Three times three for Hertz!" And then, not only because Rudolf had won the game, but also because he was the most popular boy in the school, St. Timothy's made the echoes ring — and Rudolf's father, who had been so vociferous for all the others, was silent. He had a proud and happy smile on his face.

But when the last "Hertz!" had died away, he exclaimed to the boys round him, "It iss not a good name to rah rah for — Hertz! Here, now, I will give you a better cheer for it — Three long ows and one Hertz! Ow, ow, ow, Hertz!"

"That's the St. John's cheer!" called a boy; and the crowd broke up in laughter.

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Mr. Hertz strolled about on the athletic field, waiting for his son to appear. Various masters and boys came up and spoke to him; his behavior had been of a sort to make people feel that they need not stand upon formality with him. He greeted each one with a hearty grasp of the hand and seemed not to grow tired of hearing Rudolf praised. But now that the game was over and the crowd was dispersed, he appeared by no means so extraordinary a character; talking to one or two persons at a time he was perhaps more friendly and demonstrative than most men, but he did not suggest by his manner an irresponsible disposition. And talking quietly he showed only a trace of the German accent that had emphasized the ludicrousness of his outbursts.

"Ah, yes," he said to Dr. Davenport, the rector, who had congratulated him upon Rudolf's winning of the game. "Rudolf did well to hit the ball. But do you know what I liked better? It was his steadying the pitcher down when all was going wrong. That showed more than just a good eye and a strong arm. That was what I liked."

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"I wonder how he did it — what he said," remarked Dr. Davenport. "Kenneth Park is of a nervous temperament, and when I saw him going to pieces I was afraid the end had come."

"It is not always what is said, it is the way it is said." Mr. Hertz smiled. "Sometimes I have got excited — and Rudolf has calmed me down. He has common sense — almost too much sometimes."

"Not many boys have an excess of that quality. I congratulate you again upon Rudolf." Dr. Davenport saluted with his cane and passed on.

Pacing back and forth on the deserted playground, Mr. Hertz was both outwardly and inwardly the embodiment of happiness and contentment. It was good to see his boy in a setting that so became him — surrounded by adoring schoolfellows and applauding masters. It was good to see him in the moment of his triumph. It was good to see the school for which Rudolf cared so much — and which had demonstrated its affection for him. The long shadows of the June afternoon stretched from the western woods across the playground, the

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light from the low-lying sun burnished the windows of the Gothic building in the distance and glanced from the pinnacles of the chapel tower. It was a peaceful and a pleasant scene; Mr. Hertz, strolling back and forth, enjoyed the tranquillity of it now as much as he had enjoyed the excitement and activity that it had presented a short time before.

At last out of the athletic house came Rudolf, attired in a blue suit and a straw hat, looking not nearly so powerful or impressive as he had appeared in his baseball uniform. With him came one whom, under the disguise of street clothes, Mr. Hertz was able to recognize as Kenneth Park, the pitcher.

Rudolf brought Kenneth up to his father and introduced him.

"You two are the winners; I congratulate you," said Mr. Hertz, taking each of them by the hand. Then he ran his hand up Kenneth's right arm and squeezed the biceps muscle. "How is the arm? A little tired, eh?" Still clinging to it, he grasped with the other hand Rudolf's left arm and walked along between the two boys. "Ah, it was a fine game. A fine game

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to win. You were feeling a little wobbly in the ninth, Park; yes, but you got hold of yourself. That is hard — when you feel wobbly, to get hold of yourself and be stronger than ever.”

“I never could have if it had n’t been for Rudolf,” said Kenneth. “I was feeling that I was yellow through and through when he came out and talked to me.”

“What was it you said, Rudolf?” Mr. Hertz squeezed his son’s arm.

“Oh, just not to take it so hard — that it was only a game anyway, and whether we won or lost, we would n’t be thinking about it in another week, and certainly nobody else would be.”

“It was n’t just that,” said Kenneth. “What helped as much as anything was having him say, ‘I’ll room with you next year just the same, whether you crack or not.’ Somehow I felt if he could make a sort of joke of the way things were going, I need n’t be so desperate. And by the time I got back into the pitcher’s box, I’d got over feeling rattled.”

“It was good handling; Rudolf knew his man.” Mr. Hertz squeezed the arms of both

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boys. "It is the German in Rudolf that makes him a good fighter; oh, yes, it is the German that can never be beaten in a fight."

Kenneth laughed; he thought Rudolf's father was genial but eccentric.

"You will come and have dinner with Rudolf and me at the hotel," said Mr. Hertz.

"We can't, father," said Rudolf. "The nine is going to have a banquet this evening."

"And afterwards elect a captain for next year," added Kenneth. "Though we could do that without your being there, Rudolf."

"Go on," said Rudolf. "What's the matter with yourself?"

"Yes, Rudolf would make a fine captain, if I do say it," remarked Mr. Hertz.

Rudolf laughed, and to Kenneth's surprise seemed more amused than annoyed by his father's unblushing frankness.

"Father would probably say that would be the German in me too," said Rudolf, and he winked at Kenneth.

"Well, yes," agreed Mr. Hertz, nodding his head. "Well, yes. Efficiency, you know. That is it, that is what you want in a captain, — and

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there is no efficiency like German efficiency, — no, none.”

“Father’s got going on his ‘Hoch der Kaiser’ stuff,” said Rudolf tolerantly. “But he’s just as American really as you or I, Ken.”

“Oh, yes,” said Mr. Hertz. “I have been American now for twenty years. I talk the baseball slang just like a native — here is my automobile. You boys will not come with me?”

“I guess not, father,” said Rudolf. “We’ll have to be getting ready for the banquet. See you to-morrow.”

“Good-bye till then. Good-bye, Kenneth.”

“If you would n’t mind dropping me at the telegraph office, Mr. Hertz,” said Kenneth. “I want to send a telegram to my brother Clifford, up in Canada, about the game. Clifford played on the St. Timothy’s nine six years ago; he’ll be glad to hear how we came out.”

“Jump in,” said Mr. Hertz.

At the meeting of the team that evening Kenneth nominated Rudolf for captain and then in a little speech urged that his election be made unanimous. “There’s nobody else that could inspire us with the same confidence,” said Ken-

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neth. "There's no need to have any contest for the captaincy. We all want Rudolf. With him for captain we'll lick St. John's again sure."

"Second the nomination," said Burton; and Rudolf's election was put through with a shout.

Mr. Hertz was elated when he heard the news, even though he had been prepared for it. On Sunday he wanted to celebrate Rudolf's election by having the team dine with him at his hotel, and was disappointed when the rector explained that the rules of the School forbade such festivities. Mr. Hertz was returning to New York on Monday at noon; he spent Sunday with Rudolf, and met all his friends. They were amused by his expansive manner, his boyish pride, and his buoyant spirits. He told stories of his university days in Germany and called attention proudly to the scars on his face that he had received in duels; the boys were fascinated, but could not comprehend the enthusiasm with which Mr. Hertz talked about the peculiar customs followed by the university students of his native land.

"Rudolf does not think much of the dueling," said Mr. Hertz. "Oh, well, one has to be

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brought up to it to understand. It is a great thing for the courage and the self-confidence."

"It may be," remarked Rudolf. "Just the same I'm glad I'm going to Harvard instead of to Heidelberg."

"Oh," said his father with a laugh, "I admit I would rather see you playing baseball than fighting a duel."

Among themselves when Rudolf was not present, the boys discussed Mr. Hertz with some gusto.

"He's just a great overgrown kid," said Kenneth Park.

"Maybe, but he's a pretty smart business man," said Burton. "Head of Hertz and Company; it's a big importing house in New York."

"He's genial and all that, but I'd hate to have him down on me," remarked Jim Dubois. "I'll bet he would never let up on a fellow that he disliked."

"You're right," agreed Burton. "I heard my father tell a story about him; they belong to the same club. One day a waiter spilled some soup on Mr. Hertz's coat, and Mr. Hertz had him

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fired — flew into a passion, went to the steward, and insisted on it.”

“He seems too good-natured to do a thing like that,” said Kenneth incredulously.

“I remember father’s saying that he had the German efficiency idea ingrained in his system,” remarked Burton. “Nobody who has that is ever really good-natured.”

Kenneth refused to believe that Rudolf’s father had any such unpleasant traits. Kenneth himself was a person of whole-hearted enthusiasm; in all St. Timothy’s there was no one for whom he felt a greater enthusiasm than Rudolf. And Rudolf’s father, he was sure, could never be anything but the genial, spontaneous, pleasant gentleman that he had shown himself.

Nevertheless, Kenneth was soon to learn that Mr. Hertz could get violently excited over other things than baseball games. On Monday morning when Kenneth and Rudolf were walking down to chapel, Mr. Hertz met them.

“See this!” he cried indignantly; he opened out the newspaper that he was carrying. “Archduke Ferdinand and his wife assassi-

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nated by Serbians. That is all that our papers will tell us. But it is not just a Serbian affair, this outrage. No; it is Russia that is behind all this. It is Russia that is trying to break up Austria; Serbia is the Russian tool. Russia — she is the enemy — the enemy of the civilized world.”

Rudolf did not seem much affected by the news, and to Kenneth Serajevo and an Austrian Archduke were so remote as to be of little interest. He could not help marveling at Mr. Hertz’s agitation over a murder. There were lots of interesting murders in the newspapers all the time, but there was no use in getting worked up over them.

II

"THESE AMERICANS"

IT was a hot August noon, with no wind blowing; the mosquitoes were buzzing with even more than their customary ferocity when Rudolf entered the little path that led from the beach up through the woods. But even they did not cause him to hasten his laggard steps. He was so preoccupied that he made only a perfunctory gesture to brush away the stinging pests.

For a few moments, in the exhilaration after the dive into the cool salt water and in the pleasant sensation of swimming in a smooth sea and under a cloudless sky, he had managed to forget the world and its troubles. He had put off depression with his clothes. He had yielded to it again as he dressed.

What a miserable summer, what a miserable vacation it was! He had looked forward to the best summer of his life; his father had given him a new twenty-foot sailboat; he had expected to

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play a lot of tennis and golf at the club. He had just begun to enjoy the pleasures that he had been anticipating when the cloud of impending war had suddenly darkened the world. Then war had come; and since that time there had been for Rudolf only brief intervals when it was not in his thoughts — when he could forget it in the normal activities of youth.

The preceding summer he had spent with his family in Germany. He had been amused then by the spectacle of the troops goose-stepping in the Platz at Munich; he had offended his cousin Friedrich, a young lieutenant of infantry, by expressing his idea of the ludicrousness of the performance. His cousin had explained to him that the goose-stepping was a valuable exercise in strengthening a soldier's muscles and powers of endurance. "Yes, but there are ways of doing that surely that are n't so ridiculous," Rudolf had said. Friedrich had merely stared at him, uncomprehending. "There is nothing ridiculous about it."

Now Friedrich and all those fine-looking young soldiers who had daily performed their ridiculous task with such dignity — what was

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happening to them, and what were they doing? It had given Rudolf a shock to realize that their training had not been merely for show and for parade. In all that summer in Germany it had never occurred to him to take those young men and their military pursuits seriously. He had looked upon their martial exercises just as a diverting spectacle for the American visitor; they had furnished a more interesting feature for sight-seers than castles and cathedrals, but they had been, to his mind, only a bit of European color — the sort of thing that made Europe entertaining and attractive to the American tourist.

Rudolf had liked his cousins Friedrich and Bertha, his uncle Otto and his aunt Minna; they were all good-natured, kind-hearted, hospitable people. They were an affectionate family; Rudolf imagined now how terribly they must feel, Uncle Otto and Aunt Minna and Bertha; Friedrich they all adored, and no doubt Friedrich and his regiment had been called.

In the week preceding the declaration of war Rudolf had heard his father explain daily that Russia's designs for aggrandizement to the

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west, at the expense of Austria and Germany, and France's determination to avenge her defeat in 1870 and to recover her lost provinces, — which were rightfully German anyway, — had brought about the situation to which war was the only solution. At dinner every evening and all through the evening Mr. Hertz talked of nothing else; and Rudolf, brought up by both his mother and father to feel a reverence and affection for Germany hardly less than that which he had for America, and disposed to respect his father's judgments, became thoroughly convinced of the justice of the German cause. Sentiment reinforced the intellectual conviction. The views antagonistic to Germany expressed by so many American newspapers angered Mr. Hertz and roused also Rudolf's indignation. He read the New York German newspapers, however; these exposed to his satisfaction the misrepresentations of the American press.

Then came the "scrap of paper" incident, the invasion of Belgium, the German Chancellor's confession of wrong-doing. Rudolf, his mother, his sister were all temporarily shaken

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in their faith; but Mr. Hertz soon rallied them. If Germany had not attacked France through Belgium, France would have attacked Germany through Belgium. Indeed, France had violated Belgium's neutrality before Germany did; French officers had entered Belgium to make plans for the French attack. The Chancellor had been leaning over backwards when he expressed regret over a fancied act of wrongdoing. He was over-scrupulous; he had the failings of a high-minded idealist. And what sort of people were these Belgians? The slave-owners, the slave-drivers of the Congo, the most vicious, depraved, inhuman of all so-called civilized nations.

With the entrance of England into the war Mr. Hertz's wrath boiled over. Now there was a new light on the causes of the whole catastrophe. It was England, hypocritical, perfidious England, that had schemed secretly for war, that was seeking to destroy the peaceful nation which for forty years had benefited the world with its trade, its manufactures, its achievements in art and literature and science. Belgium, France, and Russia, all had been pre-

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vailed upon, perhaps unwittingly, to do England's bidding. The complete encirclement and isolation of Germany was England's aim. England, that had oppressed her colonies, England, from whom America had won its independence, England, that had been hostile to the Union in the Civil War, England, that had kept Ireland in subjection and waged war against the Boers and spread her dominion over India and Egypt by intrigue and aggression, England, that had fastened the opium trade on China — England, to be posing as the champion of small nations!

Rudolf responded to his father's indignant eloquence. Mrs. Hertz adopted her husband's point of view and was hardly less bitter in expression. She was American born, of German parents; she too as well as Mr. Hertz had relatives in Germany.

"Now we shall have nothing but lies — English lies!" Mr. Hertz exclaimed when it was reported that the cables from Germany had been cut.

And "English lies!" was his comment upon the early report of German atrocities in Belgium. He was disdainful of such stories; so was

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Rudolf. What childish, gullible people most Americans were to believe the lies that the corrupt press, bought with British gold, stood ready to publish! There was a wireless station at Sayville that got authentic news from Berlin; the British had not been able to suppress or censor those messages. And what kind of stories did that wireless tell? Stories of Belgian women shooting unoffending German soldiers in the back, or tearing out the eyes of wounded, of Belgian priests sniping from the windows of churches, of hideous outrages committed by Belgians upon German women and young girls who had happened to be in Belgium when the invasion occurred.

"Which is it natural and reasonable to believe?" cried Mr. Hertz. "That the orderly, peaceable Germans should commit atrocities, or that the slave-drivers of the Congo should? Yes, the British and the French are putting out these German atrocity stories by way of answer to the truth — which is reaching America in spite of the cable-cutting."

"I know one thing," said Mrs. Hertz; she was a stout, florid-faced woman with hair prema-

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turely gray; as she spoke she put down the woolen sock that she was knitting. "This miserable war has spoiled my summer. Wherever I go, people stop talking and look at me and seem to be embarrassed. Nobody ever mentions what everybody is thinking about. Except, of course, the Schmitzes and the Hofgangers, who think as we do. I can talk with them."

"I talk with everybody," said Mr. Hertz beligerently. "Wherever I go, I talk; it will not be my fault if the people I know do not get this war straight in their heads. But they are donkeys — yes, obstinate, bad-tempered donkeys. When I prove to them in an argument at the club, what do they do? Admit it? No. They get up and walk away, in silence. Or sometimes they fly into a rage — they become abusive. I never allow any one to shout me down — no, never!"

Mr. Hertz ripped out the words in his resounding voice and banged the table with his fist. Rudolf laughed; his mother looked troubled.

"Now, Carl, you must be careful," she said.

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"It is not necessary that you should get yourself disliked. It is no use trying to convert people; if they do not see things our way, we cannot make them. It is better that we should keep silent, since people do not agree with us."

"A fine idea!" roared her husband. "I do not keep silent about the biggest thing in the world; I do not keep silent while people talk and think against the Fatherland. I put all the time and energy I can into teaching people and talking to people; I talk to them in trains and ferry-boats; wherever I am I talk to them — always about the war. If I make no converts, at least I have done what I could."

"Still it is not wise — in some places." Mrs. Hertz shook her head. "At the Country Club people begin to avoid us. You should think of Elizabeth and Rudolf; it is not pleasant for them."

"If we must suffer because we speak the truth, because we stand up for the right, so must it be," replied Mr. Hertz. "Elizabeth and Rudolf will be glad to suffer in such a cause."

He looked at them challengingly; Elizabeth dropped her head; Rudolf returned the gaze.

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"It's hard on Elizabeth; a girl does n't like to get into a strenuous argument," said Rudolf. "Besides, why is n't it enough to wait until we're attacked, and then defend our position? You know, I believe mother's right; we won't influence anybody by going round and being aggressively pro-German. We'll do more good by being quiet and speaking up for Germany when it's attacked, than by starting an argument every time."

"I don't intend to start arguments; I intend to enlighten people," said his father stubbornly.

"At least," said Mrs. Hertz, "when we have guests—when the children's friends come to the house—we ought to keep off the subject of the war—unless we know that they feel as we do."

"No!" declared Mr. Hertz. "I will not be muzzled in my own house! I will talk — always politely to my guests, of course — always politely."

Again he glanced from one to another of his family, as if challenging them. His wife protested.

"Of course you are polite, Carl, but you are so emphatic — you get so excited —"

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"No, I do not get excited. I always know just what I am saying."

"Yes, but you can't help being vehement. And if young people come here, who don't feel as we do, and you open up on them, I'm afraid they may not want to come again."

"Oh, I would n't open up on them. If they can't stand a little rational discussion —"

"You don't always realize when you get excited just how you sound. It was quite uncomfortable yesterday afternoon when Louise Grant was here; she evidently feels just as strongly as we do, but on the other side, and when you started to talk about the war I could see that she was very much annoyed, and I know she went away much earlier than she would have done otherwise. Louise is Elizabeth's best friend; it won't do to have the children's friends feel that we are to be avoided."

"Oh, they will not feel that; I do not mean to be disagreeable to guests." Mr. Hertz spoke impatiently, and his wife abandoned the argument.

Rudolf as well as his mother and Elizabeth felt disturbed. He knew that his father would

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not intentionally be discourteous to a guest, but he feared that he might nevertheless make a guest uncomfortable. And Rudolf was looking forward to a visit from Kenneth Park. Kenneth had promised to come for the first week in September. "He's probably probably," thought Rudolf. "If he is, I don't believe he could stay here a week without having his feelings hurt."

Sometimes it seemed to Rudolf that it might be wise to write to Kenneth and explain to him just what the situation was. Yet he hesitated to do a thing from which the inference might be that his father could not be relied upon to treat a visitor with consideration. Another reason besides the domestic caused Rudolf to wish sometimes that Kenneth might cancel his visit. That was the growing coolness of the people in the neighborhood. Elizabeth and Rudolf, popular though they had always been, had come to feel that there was now a barrier between them and many who had been their friends. Intimacy with some of the families on the Point had ceased. Mr. Hertz's violent outbursts on two or three occasions at the Country Club had

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angered some of the members; they had expressed at home the opinion that it would be desirable to see as little of the Hertzes as possible. Rudolf and Elizabeth had not acknowledged it to each other, but they were aware that now they were being left out of things as they had never been before. If Kenneth came perhaps they could not do very much to entertain him.

Rudolf had kept putting off a decision. On the 21st of August he had been alone in the library after breakfast when the morning newspaper arrived. It was not the German language newspaper that his father brought home every evening from New York.

Rudolf tore off the wrapper and on the first page saw in large block letters:—

Zeppelin Drops Bombs on Antwerp Women and Children Killed While Asleep

Merely the headlines gave him a sick feeling. He sat down in a corner of the library and read the circumstantial, full account. The correspondent described one of the wrecked houses, a house in which six persons had been slain—

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four little children and their parents. Rudolf sat still for some time after finishing the article. The sick feeling did not leave him. He had been reading for days now of the killing of men in battle, yet, terrible as that was, it did not make him feel sick. This thing — Germans had done it! For the first time he wondered whether the stories of German atrocities in Belgium, at which his father had so vehemently scoffed, might not after all be true.

He felt that for a while he did n't want to see any one — not even members of his own family. He put the newspaper down and went out to the stable. His collie Fritz came up and rubbed against him and seemed to understand from his master's perfunctory greeting that there was something wrong, for instead of bounding ahead with plummy tail erect and then leaping back again with barks of delight, he followed quietly at heel.

Rudolf walked along the driveway towards the stable. The cheerful sunshine, the warm stillness, the peaceful orderliness of all that he saw, smooth-shaven lawn and smooth-trimmed hedge, pleasant paths bordered by shrubbery,

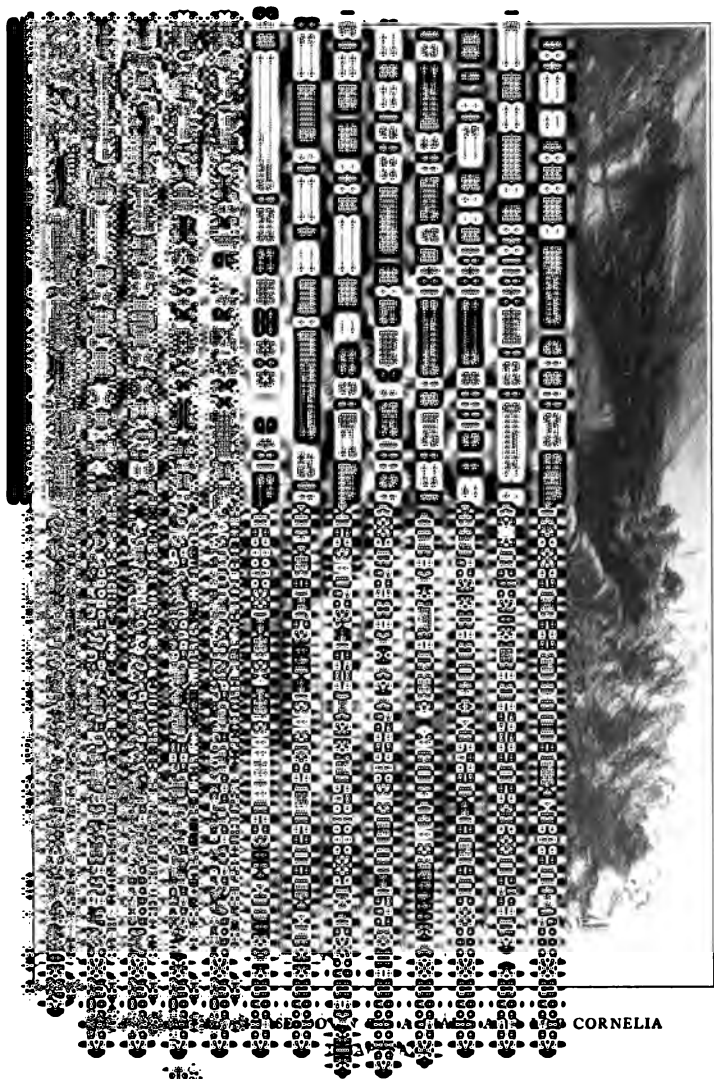
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neat and blooming flower gardens and fine shade trees, made the picture that was in his mind seem only the more terrible. In a world where such peace and order and cheerfulness had existed everywhere, how could such dreadful things be happening now? How unnecessary and cruel it all was!

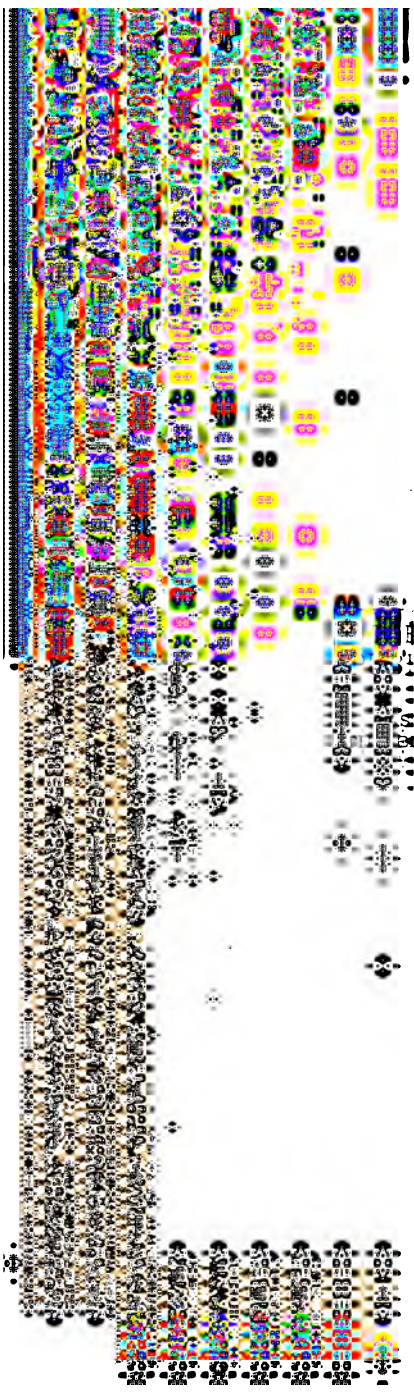
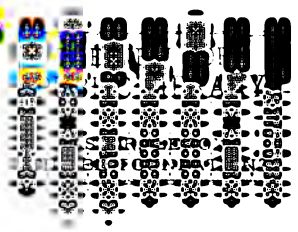
And that Germans should drop bombs on sleeping women and babies — blow arms and legs from little children's bodies —!

Rudolf, with his head bent, entered the stable. From a stall a black head poked itself and tossed impatiently while shining eyes awaited the master's approach. Rudolf stroked the horse's nose; he did not talk to the animal as usual, and the horse nudged him with its nose as if to remind him that something was lacking. Still Rudolf did not speak, though he went on caressing the animal. The collie, jealous of the attention, rubbed against its master's legs.

"Come on, old fellow," Rudolf said at last. He led the horse out of the stall, saddled it, and mounted. The collie, that had been capering round in delight at the preparations, shot out



CORNELIA



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of the door and down the driveway, glancing back to make sure that horse and rider were following.

They took the bridle path through the woods and set off at a canter. But they had not gone far when they came in sight of a girl who was riding in the same direction. Rudolf recognized her as Cornelia Boyce. He liked her better than any other girl in the neighborhood, but he did not want to talk to her this morning. He pulled his horse down to a walk and let Cornelia disappear. Horse and dog were the only companions that he could endure just now. They could n't talk to him, and he did n't have to talk to them.

When he had come back from his ride, he had gone for a swim and had stayed in the water a long time, letting his sense of horror be lulled by the swing and lilt of the waves. Now that he had come out, however, and was returning to the house, his somber imagination was active again. The picture that the newspaper correspondent had given of the wrecked bedrooms and the mangled bodies was distressingly vivid. A family, thought Rudolf, like his own, per-

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haps, — loving one another just as much, meaning as little harm to any one, slaughtered cruelly, senselessly, — and by Germans!

Elizabeth was sitting alone on the piazza when he came up the steps. She looked as if she had been crying. The newspaper lay beside her on the floor. She had curly flaxen hair and pink cheeks and big blue eyes, and a pretty, plump little figure; she looked at Rudolf with pleading in her eyes.

“Did you read that awful thing, Rudolf?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think it’s true?”

“I suppose it is. Such a detailed account — it could n’t very well be faked.”

“I showed it to mother. She would n’t believe it. She says she knows Germans would n’t do such things.”

“I’m afraid it happened,” said Rudolf. “But we don’t know the whole story. Of course they were n’t dropping bombs just at random; they must have been trying to hit some fortifications. I suppose that’s one of the awful things about war; mistakes happen and women and children are killed.”

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"Do you suppose there were any such mistakes in our Civil War?" asked Elizabeth.

"There were n't Zeppelins then."

"There were cannon. Do you suppose that women and children were killed by bombardments in our Civil War?"

"I don't know anything about it. I should think that probably it had happened."

"I can't bear to go out and see any one to-day," said Elizabeth after a pause. "I know they'll be wanting to say to me, 'What do you think now?' Whether they say it or not, that will be in their eyes."

"That's pretty much the way I'm feeling, Betty, to tell you the truth," said Rudolf. "I suppose you'll be safe, though, going over to the Schmitzes or the Hofgangers."

"I don't want to see people who might try to defend such an act any more than the other kind. It's all too dreadful; to think of such things being done in the world!"

"Of course, you don't want to forget who is responsible for this awful war," Rudolf reminded her. "Just because Germany does things we don't approve of, we must n't forget

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that England and Russia and France forced the war on her."

"Yes, I know. But that's not much comfort when you read of such cruelty by Germans. It almost makes me think that some of the atrocity stories may be true."

Rudolf did not reply to this echo of his own thoughts.

It was a blue day for the Hertz family; Mrs. Hertz was as depressed as her children. In the afternoon Max Hofgangel came over to play tennis with Rudolf. Instead he got into an argument through attempting to palliate and excuse the Zeppelin raid. Mrs. Hertz checked the two boys by saying:—

"I think we had all better reserve judgment until we learn more about the facts. Wait until you hear what your father has to say, Rudolf."

Rudolf could not see that his father would know any more about the facts than the rest of them. But he was silent—though for almost the first time it occurred to him that in a great many matters his mother allowed her husband to do her thinking for her.

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The afternoon mail brought a letter from Kenneth Park, from the Maine coast.

"My brother Clifford, who has been working in Montreal since he graduated at Harvard, has enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force," Kenneth wrote. "We're all going up to Canada to see him next week and say good-bye, for he's sailing in a short time. Mother and father are feeling pretty badly about it, and I'm not any too happy myself. But Clifford was determined, and thought it was his duty, and mother and father decided that as he felt so about it, they must n't stand in his way. And of course we're all very proud of him. Because of his going I don't believe I can come to make you that visit when you asked me. But if you want me for the week following, I could make it all right."

Rudolf's brow wrinkled. Anyway he did n't have to answer the letter immediately. He put it in his pocket, took a book, and lay in a hammock reading for a while. But he could n't get interested, and at last he went out to the garage and told the chauffeur that he would take the car down to the station and meet his father.

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Mr. Hertz got off the train wiping his face and neck with his handkerchief. He looked flushed and angry, and he climbed in beside Rudolf without speaking.

"Some of these Americans are more pro-Ally than the English," he said at last. "I got to talking with one in the train, and what he said was enough. But I told him a few things." He snorted grimly. "Then some others crowded round to put in their oar. These Americans, some of them, should learn to control their tempers."

"These Americans" — the phrase sounded strange to Rudolf's ears. We Americans — that had been, ever since he could remember, a familiar expression from his father's lips. He winced at the change.

"Perhaps," he said after a moment, "this was n't a very good day to speak up for Germany. That Zeppelin dropping bombs on Antwerp —"

"Oh," his father interrupted sharply, "yes, of course they brought up that. They seem to think that Germans try to kill women and children!"

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"But if they do kill them — and dropping bombs on a city at night, they might know women and children would be killed."

"There may have been some miscalculation," said Mr. Hertz. "Antwerp is a fortress. In time of war, it is first of all a fortress; only secondarily is it a city. Of course what the Zeppelin set out to do was to destroy military works — not civilian lives or property. You may be sure it did not drop bombs recklessly. Our Sayville wireless tells us that much damage was done to military establishments. If civilians are so foolish as to live dangerously close to military establishments in time of war, and harm comes to them by accident, — it is regrettable, of course, but there is no one but themselves and their own local authorities to blame. So I explained it to those Americans in the smoking-car. Pig-headed, ugly-tempered fellows, all of them."

Rudolf was silent, not convinced.

"Is n't it the custom before bombarding a town to notify the people, so that the civilians shall have time to escape?" he asked.

"At the Hague Convention it was the Eng-

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lish who objected to such a provision, on the ground that to give warning would often mean the failure of the attack," declared Mr. Hertz. "And since you seem to regard this unfortunate occurrence as unprecedented, Rudolf, look up the facts of the bombardment of Copenhagen by the English in 1807. The university and the principal church were destroyed, and many women and children were killed. There is no need of such a hypocritical outcry as is being raised in the pro-English press to-day."

Somehow it was a consolation to Rudolf to be told that the English had once done a thing that in its results was similar to this which the Germans had done — similar and even worse. He could not, however, feel that reference to the English act constituted justification for the German; he said so.

"It is deplorable that women and children should have been killed," said his father. "But our Sayville wireless tells that important military results were obtained. It was an expedition to accomplish military results. The civilians died by accident — through their own imprudence in continuing to dwell too near

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military works. After all, if you choose to live in a fortress and war comes, you have to take your chances with the fortress."

In such a strain he talked to his family that evening; he read to them from the German newspaper of the day which he had brought home; he explained to them that at the Hague Conference only Great Britain and Belgium had ratified the prohibition of bomb-dropping from aircraft and that they could not expect to be protected by a provision which they alone had signed; that the United States and France, like Germany, had refused to be bound by it, and that no combatant in this war was subject to it. The Hague Convention had defined what was illegitimate in war; anything not thus expressly forbidden was permissible.

"It is foolish to suppose that war can be carried on without accidents to non-combatants," asserted Mr. Hertz. "There's always some innocent bystander to get hit. And don't forget this: it was England that made this war; it's England's tool, Belgium, that is suffering; and now England, by raising a hypocritical outcry over such unfortunate accidents of

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war, is trying to distract attention from her guilt."

"The newspapers say no damage to any military establishments was done," objected Rudolf.

"The newspapers are paid to tell English lies," answered his father. "The Overseas Agency, through our Sayville wireless, gives a different story. I know which to believe."

"It certainly is a dreadful thing, but I'm glad to have it explained properly," said Mrs. Hertz. "It did n't seem to me possible that the Germans *could* be committing outrages that were n't sanctioned by law."

Rudolf smiled at his mother's way of putting it; neither his father nor Elizabeth seemed to notice any incongruity. To Rudolf his father's arguments, his readiness in meeting every question, every objection, had been on the whole convincing; he was sorry that the Germans had done what they had done, but they had clearly been within their rights in doing it. Elizabeth, too, had come to see that, though all she could say was, "How horrible it all is! And how I hate the English for having caused it!"

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Her father looked at her approvingly. "So you should, Betty, so you should."

Rudolf thought of the letter in his pocket.

"Father, I heard from Ken Park to-day. You know he was coming to visit us the first week in September."

"Yes, I remember."

"He says now that he can't come then, but he'll be glad to come the second week if we want him."

"There's no objection to that, is there, Margaret?" Mr. Hertz turned to his wife.

"No, I suppose not." She answered doubtfully, with a glance at Rudolf.

"We could make his visit pleasant only if we agreed not to mention the war all the time he was here," said Rudolf.

"Why?"

"His brother has enlisted in a Canadian regiment and is going over the first of September. That shows how Ken and his family feel."

There was a moment of silence.

"You had better write and tell him not to come," said Mr. Hertz coldly. "These Americans that go to fight for England — oh, yes!

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England was always good at getting others to fight her battles."

So that evening Rudolf wrote to Kenneth that his family's sympathies were all with Germany and that they could n't keep from talking about the war. For that reason it would probably not be very pleasant for Kenneth, who, of course, felt so differently, to come for a visit just now. "I can imagine how you and your family must be feeling over your brother's going," wrote Rudolf. "It must be hard for you all."

He posted the letter, and hoped, that after reading it Kenneth would still be as much as ever his friend.

III

THE RETORT COURTEOUS AND THE COUNTERCHECK QUARRELSOME

BY the middle of September, when Rudolf was on his way back to St. Timothy's, his ideas about the war had become pretty well fixed. They did not differ from his father's in fundamentals — only in details. He was convinced that the encirclement of Germany by hostile and aggressive nations had caused the war. He was certain that the British by controlling cable communications and the American press had imposed a vast amount of falsehood on the American public. For Belgium he had little sympathy; he was sure that the Belgians had not been neutral and that they were a miserable race anyway. In order to fortify this belief he had read some articles about the slave-trade in the Congo. Furthermore, he had no doubt that what the Russians, the allies of England and France, had done in East Prussia was far worse than anything that a few German

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soldiers who might have got out of hand had done in Belgium. And as his convictions upon the justice of Germany's cause and the unfairness with which the American newspapers treated it hardened, so also had he become more hospitable to excuses for those acts of Germany that seemed questionable. His father was a plausible advocate. Under his guidance Rudolf had found it more and more easy to believe what he wanted to believe and to distrust what he wanted to distrust.

He had been a little hurt because Kenneth Park had not replied to his letter. At first, when no response came, he wondered if he could have written in such an uncordial way as to offend Kenneth; then, as he thought it over, he decided that could not be the explanation; he had been careful to make clear just why a visit would be inadvisable. It must be that Kenneth with his strong pro-Ally sympathies had been too disgusted at finding how Rudolf and his family felt to make any reply. So, if any one had a right to feel wounded over discourteous treatment, Rudolf thought, it was himself, not Kenneth. Then, when he realized that he was

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getting morbid at the thought of a grievance, he felt ashamed and said to himself, "How silly! Kenneth just decided there was no more need of writing, and that's all there was to it."

Nevertheless, in returning to the school he had misgivings about his relations with those who had been his friends — misgivings such as he had never known before. He did n't think any the less of Kenneth because Kenneth was pro-Ally, but he wondered if Kenneth and the other fellows would n't think the less of him for being pro-German. His experience during the summer had led him to believe that any one who was pro-German immediately lost standing in the community.

When, however, he was at last driving along the road from the railway station to the school, he forgot all the misgivings; he looked with eager eyes at the familiar landmarks and was impatient to see again his old friends. And as the carriage rolled down the hill towards the Study, there was a group of them, standing by the gate — Jim Dubois and Mac Rivington and Paul Spencer and Joe Casson; they hailed him

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with a shout and rushed to welcome him. They fairly pulled him out of the carriage, they wrenched his hands and hammered his back and told him he was handsomer and huskier than ever, and in affectionate response he kneaded their arms and their necks with his knuckles and exclaimed, "Jim, you old lobster!" and "Joe, old top, put it there!"

"Do you realize we're Sixth Formers?" said Jim. "We're the big guns of the School now. Pretty fine feeling, eh?"

"I'm betting on Rudolf as the biggest gun of all," said Paul Spencer. "Regular king, Rudolf will be this year — won't you, Rudolf?"

"Oh, go on!" Rudolf feinted at Paul's neck and poked him gently in the stomach, whereupon Paul, who was "ticklish," collapsed with a shriek.

No one mentioned the war. When after a few minutes Rudolf left the group and went in to pay his respects to the rector, he received another cordial greeting; the rector did not mention the war.

Rudolf knew then that every one suspected what his sympathies were. In fact, just before

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his arrival the group of his friends had been discussing his probable attitude.

"You can hardly blame him if he's pro-German," Jim Dubois had said. "His father's so German that he talks with an accent — don't you remember? I suppose it's natural for a fellow whose father was born in Germany to have a sentiment for Germany — just the way I'm all for England because my mother's people are English."

"Yes, I suppose that's true," agreed Joe Casson. "Anyway, we don't want to hurt Rudolf's feelings, and if we find he's pro-German we'll just have to keep quiet about the war when he's round."

Rudolf for his part was not disposed to challenge a controversy. He walked with Jim Dubois and Mac Rivington to the Upper School, where he and Kenneth Park were to room together.

"Ken has n't arrived yet," Jim said. "He ought to be here pretty soon, though, if he's coming up on the Boston train."

While Rudolf unpacked, his friends sat and talked about their summer adventures, the fish

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they had caught, the races they had sailed; they talked about the football prospects, and told of the promising "new kids" that they had met; but no one made any reference to the war.

They were still chatting when the door opened and Kenneth Park entered. They pounced upon him as they had done upon Rudolf; and Rudolf sprang forward with a shout, "Hello, Ken!"

"Hello, fellows! Hello, Rudolf!" Kenneth smiled happily at his room-mate and gave him a hearty grasp of the hand. At once Rudolf knew that all his suspicions had been unfounded; at once he knew that however Kenneth and he might differ in their views about the war, they could never be anything but friends.

Soon the others withdrew and left the room-mates to themselves.

"I've seized on this closet and this bureau," said Rudolf. "But if there's any kick coming, I'm willing to discuss it with you."

Kenneth looked at the closet, which was the darker of the two closets, and at the bureau, which was the smaller of the two bureaus, and

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laughed. "There's not much of the German in you, Rudolf."

"There's a good deal of German in me," Rudolf answered, rather soberly. "That's no reason why I should n't have chosen as I did."

"Oh, I did n't know you felt strongly pro-German," Kenneth said. "I thought, from the way you wrote, that it was just your father."

"No. I feel strongly too."

"Then we'd better not talk much about the war, for I feel strongly the other way."

"Of course I can understand your feeling, since you have a brother who has enlisted to fight for England," said Rudolf. "I have relatives — not so close, but close enough — who are fighting for Germany. Your brother — I hope you have good news of him?"

"We've had only one letter since he landed. He's at a training camp in England. He does n't know how soon he'll be sent to the front." Kenneth's eyes looked troubled. He was silent a moment, and then said, in a sympathetic voice, "Your relatives that are in the German army — they are all right, Rudolf?"

"Yes. My cousin Friedrich was with the

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troops that captured Liège. My cousin Heinrich is in the navy. One of my uncles is a retired general; he has volunteered for active service."

"I hope it may soon be over," sighed Kenneth.

"It will be if America stops shipping munitions to the Allies."

"I hope it won't be over until it is settled right," retorted Kenneth. "Not until Belgium is restored, and Alsace-Lorraine returned to France, and Prussian militarism destroyed forever."

Rudolf laughed indulgently.

Kenneth reported to his friends that Rudolf was a rabid pro-German who would n't listen to reason.

"Well," said Jim Dubois, "feeling as you do, how are you two fellows going to live together?"

"Oh," Kenneth answered, "of course it does n't make any difference in my feelings about Rudolf. I'm just as fond of him as if he were pro-Ally. I suppose we shall have some hot arguments now and then, but when you're

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good friends with a fellow, what does that matter?"

Indeed, for a time in the ordinary routine of school life, a boy's sympathies, whether pro-German or pro-Ally, did not seem to be of any significance. Nevertheless, Rudolf soon became aware of a certain loneliness in his position; he found there was no other boy in the school who was willing to announce that he was pro-German, though there were several who declared they were neutral. At the table in the dining-room where Rudolf sat there were frequent discussions of the war; he was beset from every side. The master in charge, Mr. Elwood, was warmly pro-Ally; he was furthermore well informed, and he not only pressed Rudolf into corners time after time in debate and there silenced him, but he often caused Rudolf to feel, even though he would never admit it, that Germany had done some things which were not defensible. In order to meet the attacks to which he was subjected, Rudolf subscribed to a German-American daily newspaper and to the "Fatherland," a violently pro-German weekly; and he read these so carefully and believed

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them so implicitly that he reflected pretty well the opinions of the extreme pro-German press. The opposition that he met with stimulated him to defend more tenaciously than ever the unpopular cause; sometimes he went further in trying to justify German acts than he would have done if he were not hard pressed in argument. As, for example, when a German aviator dropped bombs on Paris, killing an old man and maiming a little girl; Rudolf declared that such bomb-dropping was legitimate because Paris was a "defended" city.

"That argument seems to me hardly worthy of you, Rudolf," said Mr. Elwood; and there was an expression of angry disdain on the faces of Mac Rivington and Jim Dubois.

Rudolf did not reply; he knew it was a weak argument. In his heart he wished the Germans would n't do such things. They had a just cause; it was, indeed, deplorable that they should commit any acts that made the war more cruel than it need be.

As time passed, Rudolf and Kenneth found it more and more impossible to refrain from discussions about the war. Gradually their

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debates increased in acrimony. Kenneth collected a series of Raemaekers' cartoons, had them framed, and hung them on his side of the room. When Rudolf came in and saw them for the first time, he said, —

"Those things make my blood boil."

"So do they mine," answered Kenneth.

Within a week there was an array of pictures on the opposite side of the room—pictures from "Jugend" and "Simplicissimus," pictures caricaturing Sir Edward Grey and General Joffre and King Albert, pictures ridiculing the French soldier and the British seaman, pictures abusive of Uncle Sam and President Wilson because of the export of munitions. Kenneth examined these works of art, as Rudolf had examined Kenneth's pictures.

"If I had n't known before that the Germans have no sense of humor, these things from German funny papers would teach me," he remarked.

"They're not meant to be humorous; they're cutting," replied Rudolf.

"They're too dull to be cutting. Just ugly and nasty and indecent — just German."

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"You need n't be insulting," said Rudolf.

"You're not German, are you?" asked Kenneth. "Are n't you American?"

The two boys glared at each other. Then Rudolf shrugged his shoulders and sitting down opened a book. Kenneth, still annoyed by the pictures which Rudolf had hung, was unwilling to let him sit undisturbed.

"I suppose there's no use in asking you to contribute to the ambulance fund?" he said.

"What's that?"

"Jim Dubois and I are getting subscriptions to buy an ambulance and send it over to France — have it the St. Timothy's ambulance."

"I'm willing to contribute if there's also a fund raised to buy an ambulance for the Germans."

"I guess you'd be the only fellow in the School that would subscribe to that."

"It's unneutral — this having the School give an ambulance to the French," said Rudolf.

"Dr. Davenport ought n't to allow it."

"Maybe Dr. Davenport is unneutral," suggested Kenneth.

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"Even if he is, he should n't let the School be represented as unneutral," declared Rudolf.

"You might go and explain to him how wrong it is."

"Perhaps I will. Yes." Rudolf rose. "I'll go and talk to him now!"

"That's a typical German thing to do," observed Kenneth. "Trying to prevent an effort to save wounded men's lives!"

"You can interpret it in any way you like," replied Rudolf. "It makes no difference to me."

He left the room; he was controlling his temper with an effort. But as he walked down to the rectory he told himself that Kenneth was high-strung and excitable, and that there was no use in cherishing a grudge against him or resenting too deeply his taunts and sneers.

Dr. Davenport received him hospitably and listened to his protest. Rudolf spoke without any of the heat that had characterized his replies to Kenneth; he tried earnestly to show the rector that the ambulance project was an unneutral and therefore an improper undertaking.

"There may be an unneutral tinge to it, but

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I can't agree with you that it's improper," said the rector finally. "In fact I'm going to make a speech to the School and urge all the boys to contribute to this cause — to practice self-denial in order to contribute. To have a St. Timothy's ambulance in service in France would be, according to my view, an honor to St. Timothy's."

Rudolf reminded the rector of the President's injunction to all citizens to be neutral in word and thought, and said that he felt the action proposed was in disregard of this request.

"As to that," said Dr. Davenport, "I can only say that when one's sympathies and convictions are as strong on any matter as mine are upon this, they are n't to be repressed. And I am glad the sentiment of the School is almost unanimous in favor of making such a contribution. I wish you could see your way, Rudolf, to make it unanimous."

"I certainly won't contribute a cent to help the enemies of Germany," replied Rudolf.

"The ambulance is likely to carry wounded German prisoners," suggested the rector.

Rudolf was not moved by that consideration.

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He went back to his room, and on being questioned by Kenneth admitted that he had tried to influence the rector and had failed. And later Kenneth told Jim Dubois and Mac Rivington and Joe Casson that Rudolf had tried to block the ambulance project; the information made them indignant. Among those who had been Rudolf's friends an undercurrent of disapproval was spreading.

But the war was not the sole or even the primary subject of interest at St. Timothy's that autumn. The School had its own affairs to attend to, and among its activities football held an important place. Both Rudolf and Kenneth were playing on the St. Timothy's eleven, and as the date for the game with St. John's drew near, they talked more about that and less about the war.

Mac Rivington, captain and left guard of the St. Timothy's team, happened to be, when he was at home, a friend and neighbor of John Holdship, captain of the St. John's eleven. Before the game, outside the athletic house, the two captains held a friendly meeting; in the course of their conversation Holdship said:—

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"Mac, that fellow Hertz that caught on your nine last spring and was such a star — he's the Hertz that's your left tackle, is n't he?"

"Yes," said Rivington. "Good, too. The only trouble with him is, he's pro-German."

"I'm glad I have n't anything of that kind on my team," said Holdship virtuously.

Rivington had reason to regret that he had imparted the bit of information about Rudolf to his friend and enemy. Early in the game, when Rudolf broke through and made a tackle behind the St. John's line, Holdship cried out sharply:—

"Don't let that German get through you fellows that way!"

Rudolf reddened; his opponent in the line, who had been censured, looked at him with a gleam in his eyes.

"German, are you?" he said, and he rubbed his hands in a purposeful manner and crouched for the next play. And on the next play Rudolf was swept aside, and the St. John's half-back went through for five yards.

"I'm certainly glad to know you're a Ger-

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man," said Rudolf's opponent, whose name was Lightner. "I certainly am glad."

He rubbed his hands again in a menacing and purposeful manner and again crouched. He was a powerful, sinewy fellow of about ten pounds more weight than Rudolf, and just as quick on his feet as Rudolf. He seemed to have thrown off the lethargy that for the first few moments of the game had permitted Rudolf to get the jump on him. From time to time, as the game proceeded, he made remarks in a low, dispassionate voice as if addressing himself — remarks that were exceedingly uncomplimentary to Germans. It was as if with his body he was actively and aggressively engaged every moment in the football game while his mind was occupying itself with philosophical reflections about German traits and character.

Gradually Lightner's superior strength began to tell. The fact that Kenneth, who at left end played next to Rudolf, was somewhat overmatched by his opponent made Rudolf's task of resistance still more difficult. As the difficulties became more burdensome, Lightner's anti-German soliloquies became fairly continuous.

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Towards the end of the first half, St. John's worked the ball down to St. Timothy's fifteen-yard line, mainly by attacks upon the left wing. Then Lightner began to make his talk more personal.

"I certainly am glad to be playing against a German instead of beside one. I don't wonder that your team play over there is poor."

"Never mind the cheap talk, Rudolf," said Kenneth.

"They're trying to talk their way to a touchdown," said Mac Rivington.

On the next play a successful forward pass brought St. John's to the five-yard line.

"Right through the Hun now," murmured Lightner, crouching and swinging his arms. "A touchdown, right through the Hun."

St. John's made an effort to accomplish what Lightner proposed. They were stopped without gain. If Lightner's idea had been to disconcert Rudolf by enraging him, he had failed. Rudolf had slipped by and tackled the runner before he had got fairly started.

"That's the way!" shouted Kenneth exultantly, giving Rudolf a hand and hauling him to

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his feet. "I guess we'll hear no more cheap talk; that will hold your friend for a while."

"Once more, fellows," said Lightner imperturbably. "Right through the Hun."

Instead, however, of making another effort in that place, the quarterback sent Lightner himself through the other side of the line. And Lightner went through — for a touchdown.

During the remainder of the game Lightner had distinctly the better of Rudolf. "I won't be satisfied till we make a touchdown through the Hun," he remarked frequently. "Just beating you fellows — that's nothing at all; we've got to have a touchdown through the Hun." His arrogant, insolent chatter caused Kenneth to play with wild fury and Rudolf to play with dogged wrath; but repeatedly they were overborne, and towards the end of the game, when the score was already 14 to 0 in favor of St. John's, Lightner achieved his announced and hateful purpose.

The defeat, by reason of Lightner's personality and behavior, was as galling as any that a St. Timothy's eleven had ever endured. In the dressing-room afterwards gloom and bitterness

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prevailed. But in the same degree that the members of the team were incensed against St. John's, they felt sorry for Rudolf; they consoled with him.

"You did awfully well to hold out against the big brute as you did," said Mac Rivington. "And to keep your head and your temper."

"He outplayed me; that's what makes me sore," said Rudolf.

"I was fighting mad," admitted Kenneth. "I wanted to slug, I was so mad. I hate to have a fellow get my goat as Lightner did."

Afterwards Rudolf expressed to Kenneth some surprise that Lightner's talk should have angered any one but himself.

"We say things in the family we won't stand for from any one outside," returned Kenneth. "There's a time and place for everything — even pro-Ally talk."

"I hope I get another crack at that fellow some day," said Rudolf.

"We'll probably come up against him in hockey or baseball," replied Kenneth. "I guess you'll have another chance."

IV

"WITH CLIFFORD OVER THERE"

ALTHOUGH almost daily Rudolf and Kenneth left on each other's desk newspaper clippings of a sort to provoke retaliation, they preserved on the whole a united front. They helped each other with their studies; in discussions of college matters they allied themselves together against those friends of theirs who were going to Yale or Princeton; they were sympathetic in their appreciation of jokes and stories; and Rudolf was more sympathetic with his room-mate than even Kenneth knew. He did not forget that the war had come closer to Kenneth than to himself, and for this reason, though unable to resist the temptation of showing to his room-mate arguments that appeared to him unanswerable, he was usually not the one to initiate a war discussion and when it took place he was usually not the one to make the most biting remarks. Kenneth's tongue was sharpened by anxiety; more often

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than before the war his mind would wander from the books that he was studying or reading; and sometimes even in the midst of an exciting game his interest would suddenly go cold, he would do his part perfunctorily, his heart would cry out, "How can I—with Clifford over there!"

Rudolf was with him one morning when he received a letter with the "Opened by the Censor" seal in large print upon the envelope. It seemed to Rudolf that while Kenneth read the letter the shadows deepened on his face.

"Clifford's at the front now," Kenneth said, as he folded up the letter. "He was to start the day after this was written—twelve days ago. He's been in the trenches more than a week by this time."

"I hope you will have good news of him right along," said Rudolf.

"He's been promoted from first lieutenant to captain," said Kenneth. "I suppose you'd call that good news. But the British officers lead their men; they don't drive them on from behind."

Rudolf made no reply. He knew how Ken-

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neth was feeling, and he forgave the bitterness of the speech.

That night a storm of rain and sleet raged round the school building. With the wind roaring down chimneys and driving in furious blasts against windows, it was difficult for any one to go to sleep. And Rudolf knew that Kenneth was not sleeping; he heard him turning restlessly from side to side long after he had gone to bed. After a while Rudolf himself moved, and Kenneth said:—

“Awake, Rudolf?”

“Yes.”

“How do you suppose the men in the trenches stand it, such nights as this?”

“I don’t know. I suppose they just have to stand it.”

“And then on the awfully cold nights in the winter,” continued Kenneth — “I should think they’d freeze to death.”

“I suppose they learn to take care of themselves somehow; they get used to it after a while.”

There was silence for a time.

“It does n’t seem right that I should be lying

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here in a comfortable bed, perfectly safe, and Clifford freezing in a trench," Kenneth said. "I feel as if I did n't want to have things softer and easier than he has them."

"It would n't help him a bit, Ken, to have you making yourself uncomfortable."

"Oh, I suppose not. — Oh, it's not so much the discomfort of the trenches that I think about, Rudolf, — it's what might happen to him. I get to imagining —"

"Yes, of course you do. But, Ken, you must remember that in every war the percentage of killed and wounded is very small compared with the total number engaged."

"I guess that's not true of those who are in it from the very start. And this war is n't like other wars. Horrible high explosives blowing men to pieces — somehow I have the awful feeling that no one who goes into this war will ever come out of it alive or whole."

"You must n't have that feeling — you must n't have it about your brother," said Rudolf. "He'll come back, and you'll be proud that he went and did his part for the cause you believe in."

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"Of course we're proud of that anyway — that's all that makes it bearable. But if anything happened to Clifford — I don't know how mother *could* bear it. Yet I know that when she said good-bye to him she felt she never would see him again."

Rudolf could not think of anything more to say.

"Did you ever think," said Kenneth, "how terrible it must be sometimes to be a mother?"

"Not till this war broke out; I've thought of it since then. I've thought of it about Aunt Minna; she's the mother of my cousin Friedrich who's with the troops in Belgium. I've never seen any one so crazy about her son as Aunt Minna is about Friedrich."

The conversation had the effect of making Rudolf more careful than before to avoid topics that excited antagonism. He even tried hard at times not to take up the challenges that Kenneth was always flinging at him. He had found that to characterize a story of German behavior as no doubt an English lie was the surest way to anger Kenneth, and he patiently abstained from making that convenient answer

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to charges that Kenneth cited almost daily from the newspapers — charges that German officers ordered the leading citizens of towns taken as hostages, and sometimes had them shot; that they put women and children in front of their troops when they advanced to attack; that they levied fines on the captive population and looted and burned houses and defiled churches; that they encouraged their troops to commit outrages upon women and children. Rudolf formed the habit of merely saying, "Of course I simply don't believe those stories, Ken. I know the German people, and you don't."

"I've traveled in Germany and had to get off the sidewalk for Prussian officers," retorted Kenneth on one occasion. "Three of them — walking abreast — would n't give way an inch; I had to get out in the gutter. Then they laughed at me as they went by. Swine!"

"Nevertheless, I know the German people and you don't," Rudolf insisted.

"You may know them better than I do, but that's no reason for thinking you know all about them. The evidence against them

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is too complete; I don't see how you can disregard it."

It was characteristic of their arguments that Kenneth usually had the last word and that Rudolf, by lapsing into stolid silence, brought about a termination of the discussion.

Newspapers were being read at St. Timothy's as never before. At breakfast there was little conversation; most of the boys ate while they scanned the columns of war news. No one was more absorbed in such reading than Kenneth. On a morning in December, for the first time since receiving his brother's letter, he read that Canadian troops had been in action. They had made a gallant charge and seized some German trenches, which they had been obliged to relinquish under a heavy counter-attack. They had suffered numerous casualties; the names of several officers who had been killed and wounded were given.

"I wish it told what regiments were engaged," muttered Kenneth. Then, suddenly aware that he had spoken aloud and that the others at the table were looking at him, he explained.

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"I think probably Clifford was in it," he said. "I don't know how many Canadian troops are over there, but they're probably all together on that part of the line. Along the Yser, near Ypres. It's something to know more or less definitely where he is. I suppose if he'd been wounded, his name would have been given."

"Of course," said Jim Dubois. "He's all right. Don't worry."

But now that there was reason to believe that Clifford had been in action, Kenneth was more preoccupied and apprehensive than before. At night when he went to bed he would have long wakeful periods during which his imagination tortured him. Often sleep brought him no relief, for with sleep usually came dreams that were if anything worse than the visions that he had while he lay awake.

He wondered at the cold and indifferent phrasing of the official bulletins. "Along the Yser the Canadian trenches were subjected to heavy bombardment. The casualties were trifling." How could any casualties be "trifling!" Suppose Clifford were one of them! "In the face of a galling machine-gun fire, some

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Canadian troops reached and occupied a section of German trenches. The losses were inconsiderable, in view of the results attained." The losses were inconsiderable! What a word, when the facts it covered were agony and mutilation, wiping-out of lives, grief unutterable in homes suddenly made desolate!

But the days went by, and no bad news came. One morning Kenneth received another "Opened by the Censor" letter. It was short, but cheerful. The weather was vile and the nights were n't much fun, but you soon got used to the banging of the guns and the cold and the wet and could sleep in spite of everything. The letter ended quite casually. "Yesterday we attacked along a two-mile front. Going over the top was quite exciting. A good many of our fellows were pretty badly cut up, but I was lucky enough to come through all right. We captured the Boches' trenches we set out for, and I am writing this note in them now. I am feeling fine — never better. How did the St. John's game come out?"

Kenneth was disappointed. Here was a letter straight from the front, from a man who had

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just taken part in a bayonet attack, and there was n't a thing in it interesting enough to read to a friend. It was just as colorless as the official bulletins. Certainly it was n't at all like Clifford to be so colorless. He could keep things to himself when he wanted to, but when he had anything to say he usually said it with picturesqueness and vigor.

Then Kenneth, with the aid of his imagination, knew why Clifford had written so vaguely. In the first place, perhaps, he was afraid of the Censor; he probably felt that if he told anything interesting the Censor would cut it out. But more likely what he had been through was all so horrible that he did n't care to dwell on it, could n't bring himself to write about it, did n't want his brother or any of his family to know how horrible it all was, did n't want to furnish them with any material, in addition to what they already had, for imagining the dreadful things he saw and had to do — and might have to suffer. Kenneth, sitting in the window of his room, looking across the fields, biting his lips, knew that was the explanation. The letter was all a bluff — written to fool one

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into a belief that war was n't very terrible or even out of the ordinary, and that in the midst of it you could be interested in other things, like football games, and could be quite contented and happy. And, of course, war was n't like that, it was all horrible, and any one who was in the midst of it could n't possibly be interested in football games.

And Clifford had always been sensitive—even squeamish about some things. Kenneth remembered a day when they were fishing together, when Clifford was about thirteen years old. He had caught an eel, and the snakelike thing seemed too loathsome to touch. He had begged Clifford to take it off the hook for him, and he recalled Clifford's expression of disgust and even dread as he stooped to perform the task. For that was the thing about Clifford; even at thirteen he had a sense of responsibility, and though he might shrink at times, he always forced himself to put through what he felt had to be done. So it had been on this occasion; when his fingers touched the eel and the reptile writhed, he drew back involuntarily, with a cry. But then he had set his teeth and grabbed the

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thing with both hands, and finally, after a hard struggle, had freed it from the hook and cast it back into the water. His face was white when he had accomplished it. "Nasty things, eels," he had said to the little brother who had been watching him with shudders of horror and admiration. "Don't blame you for not wanting to touch it, Ken."

After all, there was something in the letter that he thought it worth while to read to Rudolf—the passage in which Clifford announced that they had captured the Boches' trenches.

"I guess it was n't a very important victory, or we'd have heard more of it by this time," was Rudolf's comment.

There were n't any very important victories for either partisan to celebrate before the Christmas vacation. The news that a German submarine had torpedoed in one day three English cruisers, the Hawk, the Cressy, and the Hogue, gave Rudolf an opportunity to talk triumphantly about the passing of the British control of the seas.

"Pretty soon there won't be any British navy

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left to control the seas," he said that day at dinner. "I wonder if it was my cousin Heinrich's submarine that did it."

"I suppose you'd be pretty proud of him if it was," said Jim Dubois satirically.

"Yes. Why not?"

"I think this lurking at the bottom of the sea to fire a torpedo into an unsuspecting vessel is poor business," said Jim.

"War is poor business," replied Rudolf. "But when it's forced on you, you want to wage it as efficiently as possible. We have submarines in our navy, have n't we?"

"Oh, I suppose it's legitimate enough," admitted Jim. "Only it makes me sort of sick."

"If it had been an English submarine that had sunk three German battleships it probably would n't have made you so sick," suggested Rudolf. "It does n't make you sick to read that English troops executed a surprise attack successfully in the night and killed a couple of hundred Germans, does it? — throwing grenades in among them or bayoneting them in their sleep. And then we read the smug remarks

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of English official bulletins and English war correspondents — ‘The Germans have no stomach for the cold steel.’ What do your English friends mean? Do they mean they enjoy running men through with the bayonet and getting run through with it?”

“They mean their men stand up to it bravely and the Germans don’t,” Jim answered.

Rudolf exclaimed scornfully, “If you have n’t learned by this time that Germans fight as bravely as any one, you’re hopeless.”

“If I had n’t learned that, I would n’t be any more hopeless than a fellow that justifies the invasion of Belgium,” replied Jim.

The others at the table laughed with satisfaction at the retort.

The arguments about the war were growing more and more personal, and Rudolf, at bay most of the time, could occasionally be as personal as any one. Some of the remarks made rankled on both sides. As the discussions grew more frequent, the feeling became more intense. The chivalrous idea that had prevailed at the beginning of the term, the idea of sparing Rudolf’s sensibilities, gradually gave place, in the

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minds of two or three, to a desire to wound; and Rudolf, wounded, was quick to retaliate. But though the affection of his friends grew less, he did not lose his grip upon the School; indeed, there were some elements in the situation which caused him to be held in higher esteem than ever. When the hockey season came, if some one during the noon meal began to talk about German atrocities, or the degeneracy of the Crown Prince, or the proper punishment for the Kaiser, the altercation that ensued meant that afterwards Rudolf would rage about on the ice, a demon of speed and strength and roughness. He always played clean, but it seemed as if at such times he played more violently than at others; the younger boys looking on marveled and admired. The older ones, especially those whom he knocked around and spilled upon the ice, gave him a grumbling admiration.

"I never thought of it before, but there's a Prussian ruthlessness in the way he plays," said Jim Dubois to Kenneth Park. "Last year I would have thought it was splendid; now I'm not so sure."

"That's all right," replied Kenneth. "He's

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a wonderful athlete and a good fellow, even if he is all wrong in his ideas."

"It might be a good thing the day of the St. John's game to spend all the time beforehand cursing out the Kaiser," suggested Jim. "There's nothing like that to make Rudolf show results."

It was, however, not necessary for the St. Timothy's followers to resort to that measure for inspiring Rudolf. When he skated out upon the ice to play against St. John's and saw Lightner stationed in position as the opposing goalkeeper, he leaped into the game with all his energy. A few seconds after it had started he was racing down the ice with the puck, free of the crowd; he came squarely up in front of the St. John's goal, and shot for it. Lightner stopped the drive with his gloved hand, and flicking the puck off to the side shouted vainly, "No Hun is going to hack his way through here."

If anything were needed to stimulate Rudolf a little more, it was just such a taunting allusion. Lightner's confidence was ill-founded. Rudolf was the fastest and cleverest skater in

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the field, and less than two minutes after his first attempt he was taking another shot at the St. John's goal. And this time the puck sped by Lightner's knee, and St. Timothy's had scored.

After that, in the popular phrase, Rudolf skated rings round the whole St. John's team; there was something almost tiresome in the way he shot goals. Lightner, who had been so full of talk when he had the upper hand, was dumb as a loser. In hockey an ineffective goal-keeper is the most inglorious of figures; he seems to exist only to be shown up; and Rudolf tasted the sweetness of revenge many times before Lightner was taken out of the game and a substitute installed in his place. The change was of no special value; Rudolf went on shooting goals just the same. And if St. John's had demonstrated its supremacy in football, St. Timothy's hung up a score in hockey that was not likely to be equaled in many years.

The game took place just two days before the beginning of the Christmas vacation; the result of it increased the cheerful feeling that always pervaded the School at such a time. And Ru-

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dolf's spectacular achievement endeared him even to the warmest pro-Ally in St. Timothy's.

When on the last morning the room-mates parted to go their separate ways, Kenneth to Boston, Rudolf to New York, they bade each other an affectionate good-bye.

"Have a good time, Rudolf, in that big German city, and don't get caught planting bombs on munition ships," Kenneth said.

"I hope you enjoy a good old-fashioned English Christmas in your little slice of London," Rudolf answered. "I'll send you a year's subscription to the 'Fatherland' as a Christmas present!"

"If you do!" Kenneth shook his fist.

"Come along, Rudolf!" shouted Mac Rivington from the carriage.

"Good-bye, old man." Rudolf put out his hand. "I hope you have nothing but good news from the other side."

"Thanks. Same to you, Rudolf."

They both felt more sure than ever that it did n't matter what their sympathies in the war might be; nothing could break up a friendship such as theirs.

V

"GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!"

AT home Rudolf found an atmosphere unlike that which he was accustomed to associate with his home at Christmas. The big house in the narrow street was arrayed for Christmas as usual; there were wreaths in the windows, in the library there was a tall Christmas tree, there was mistletoe hanging over the fireplace, and the family portraits in the stately, high-studded drawing-room were wreathed with holly according to the pious family custom. But from almost the moment when he first entered the house Rudolf knew that the spirit of mirth and festivity was absent.

"You must n't expect much in the way of presents this year," his mother said to him. "We've decided that we should give each other only very simple little things and use the money for the Red Cross and the East Prussian relief funds."

"That's right," said Rudolf. "Christmas presents are just for kids anyway."

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"Your father wanted us to have a tree; he feels we ought to make this a German Christmas in every way we can. Aunt Elsa and Uncle Fritz and the children will come to dinner, but I don't suppose we can even pretend to enjoy Christmas as usual."

Rudolf took the part of Santa Claus, arrayed himself in a red coat and a long white beard, and crawled up the chimney of the huge fireplace in the library. When the family and the guests entered the room, he came rattling down and bounced in among them, to the delight and awe of the little cousins, who, though they knew it was really Rudolf, could not help thinking also that it was really Santa Claus. Especially when he drew out of his pack a number of parcels and distributed them did the youngest of the little cousins wonder if reindeer were not trampling on the roof.

The Christmas dinner was the most solemn and gloomy Christmas dinner that Rudolf could remember. Always before on Christmas his father had been full of fun, cracking jokes and playing pranks like a boy, decking himself out in all sorts of ridiculous ways, taking the part

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enthusiastically of a buffoon, while his wife and children and guests were alike convulsed with merriment. But on this Christmas he indulged in no such manifestations of light-heartedness. Except to see that the little cousins were liberally supplied with goose, he paid no attention to them. He talked with the elders only, and of nothing but the war.

Midway through the meal, he poured out a little wine into a glass and set it before Rudolf.

"You are old enough to drink this toast, Rudolf," he said; and Rudolf, who had never been given wine before, looked up wondering.

His father stood up and raised his glass. "Hoch der Kaiser!" he said.

Uncle Fritz, Aunt Elsa, Rudolf, and his mother all rose, wine-glasses in hand.

"Hoch der Kaiser!" they all repeated, and raised the glasses to their lips.

After they had drunk the toast, Mr. Hertz remained standing.

"Gott strafe England!" he said, and raised his glass.

Again Uncle Fritz, Aunt Elsa, Rudolf, and his mother stood up.

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"Gott strafe England!" they all said solemnly, and drank.

Even the little cousins looked startled, for although they had heard much anti-English talk at home, it had never had the grim impressiveness which their uncle managed to convey in his utterance. The Christmas dinner proceeded in sober quiet to its conclusion. There was no plum pudding; that was an English dish, and had been by Mr. Hertz specially forbidden. Instead there were German cakes and confections.

When the meal was over, Rudolf sat and listened while his father and his uncle talked about the war. Elizabeth knitted and listened while her mother and her aunt knitted and talked about the news from the relatives in Germany.

"It's a sad Christmas for poor Minna and Bertha," said Mrs. Hertz for perhaps the third time that day; the reflection was one that she kept returning to with a sort of melancholy satisfaction.

"Yet not so sad for them as for many others," replied her sister-in-law. "When you think of

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the poor souls who have lost husbands and sons or had them come home blind or crippled! Minna and Bertha and Otto must be having a happy Christmas by contrast."

"Oh, but this never knowing what the next day may bring to Friedrich!"

"Oh, yes, it is bad enough. Terrible, terrible!"

When the Christmas dinner had been sufficiently digested, the two families gathered round the piano to sing Christmas carols, according to their custom. Elizabeth played the accompaniment; they all sang, "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht": and then Mr. Hertz said, "There is another song that we should sing this Christmas."

He took Elizabeth's place at the piano, struck some resounding chords, and then launched forth into Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate" — "Haffensang." He rolled out the passionate German lines with tremendous fervor in his mighty baritone; his blue eyes flashed, he shook his massive head, and after he had enunciated the last word of the song, "England!" with savage emphasis, he brought his

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jaws together sternly and sat for a moment glowering at the keys.

"Bravo, Carl!" cried Uncle Fritz. "That stirs the blood."

"Yes," said Aunt Elsa. "It is fine, the way you sing it, Carl."

"It is a splendid thing," agreed Mrs. Hertz. "It says what we all must feel. Still — I am not sure that Christmas is the right day for singing it."

"Christmas is as good a day as any other for speaking out what is true — what is in the heart," replied her husband. He rose from the piano. "There can be no peace on earth, goodwill to men, till England is crushed, the freedom of the seas established; to hate the nation that prevents peace on earth is a good Christmas sentiment. Nicht wahr?"

Rudolf agreed with his father; Elizabeth and her mother looked doubtful. When the relatives had taken their departure, Mr. Hertz, who seemed a trifle resentful that his family had not given undivided approval to his Christmas selection, embarked upon a discourse about the freedom of the seas, the illegal blockade that

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England was maintaining, the cowardly and unneutral acquiescence in it by America, the dastardly trade in munitions which was enriching a country without a conscience — and then he returned to England and English criminality again.

During the vacation Rudolf became quite saturated with ideas about the freedom of the seas and the unneutral export of munitions. His father's animosity against England for infringing upon the one was hardly less than his bitterness towards the United States for permitting the other. Rudolf sometimes had to caution him because of his violent invectives against the Washington Government. "Of course, it's all right to talk like that at home, father," Rudolf said. "But you're an American citizen, you know."

"Yes, and sometimes I wish I were not!"

"Oh, I guess you don't really wish that. Anyway, you ought to be careful how you talk about this country to people; it won't do you any good to be running it down."

Mr. Hertz grumbled a reluctant assent. He knew, better than Rudolf, that his business had

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suffered because of his ardent pro-Germanism. He was beginning to realize that his family's interests required him to display more prudence in his speech. To have to curb himself abroad made him the more unrestrained at home. And there was something satisfying to Rudolf in his father's exuberant hatred of the English, his supreme confidence in German efficiency, his detestation of the slave-owning, slave-driving Belgians, and of the barbarous, savage Cosacks. The mere fact that his father could entertain such assured and earnest convictions made them to Rudolf the more certain to be justified. He listened sympathetically, asked questions about some of the things that troubled him, received answers that satisfied him.

"The boys at your school — I suppose they all see crooked about the war?" Mr. Hertz said.

"Yes, boys and masters, every one."

"You stand up against them?"

"Oh, yes."

"That is right. Do not give way an inch. Concede nothing. I would take you out of that school and put you somewhere else, but all

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Americans, all American teaching — they are corrupted by the British press.”

“I would n’t want to go to any other school,” cried Rudolf in alarm. “Not for anything.”

“I suppose you will have to go to Harvard next year,” said Mr. Hertz reluctantly. “It is a pro-Ally institution — in spite of some professors who are nobly struggling to make the truth known. There is no college that is sound at heart on this matter. If there were a good German-American university you should go to it. But at least at Harvard you will find some leaders of German thought — some champions of the right. There are none at your school?”

“None — except myself.” Rudolf smiled.

His father clapped him on the back. “Stick to it, my boy. It is an uphill battle for us, but the truth is mightier than British gold and will prevail.”

During the vacation Mr. Hertz took more comfort in his son’s companionship than he had ever done before. In his wife and daughter he was always sure of a respectful audience, but Rudolf was more independent of thought; Rudolf enabled him to express himself with

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more subtlety and completeness than did the others; Rudolf was more difficult to mould than they, but took firmer shape when moulded. Mr. Hertz felt proud of his son; that Rudolf should have been so untainted by the influences to which he had been exposed showed character as well as intelligence!

Just before the end of the vacation a letter came from Rudolf's aunt Minna. "We had hoped that Friedrich might be granted leave to come home for Christmas," she wrote, "but he must remain in the trenches. We should be thankful that he is alive and unwounded, and we rejoice that he is able to serve the Fatherland as he is doing. God grant that the war may end soon. It will if America will stop supplying England and France with munitions. Surely there can never again be another Christmas such as this will be! So many homes in mourning, so many others in miserable anxiety! Why do not the Germans in America like yourselves put a stop to it? There are twelve million of them; why should they not do something? They should not allow America to supply our enemies."

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"It is no wonder she feels bitter against this country," sighed Mrs. Hertz.

"Still," remarked Rudolf, "she should not speak of twelve million Germans over here. We are Americans, not Germans."

"Yes, but in this war we should all work together in the interests of the Fatherland," declared Mr. Hertz. "Unfortunately, many of our people have become too much Americanized; they care nothing about the Fatherland, some of them even are false to it."

"I don't think you can be false to a country of which you're not a citizen," objected Rudolf.

"Technically, perhaps not, but in spirit," said his father with some impatience. "Sentiment, ties of blood and affection, loyalty of the heart, — they should not be wiped out by a mere transfer of citizenship. The American citizen of German blood who does not work for German victory is little better than a traitor to his race."

Rudolf felt that this was an extreme statement, but he had no desire to defend the class of persons that his father thus denounced, and so he was silent.

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He was not sorry when the vacation came to an end. It had been rather dismal — few festivities, his mother and Elizabeth absorbed in sewing and knitting and attending meetings of German relief committees, his father preoccupied, troubled, Rudolf suspected, about his business, and emphasizing as he had never done before the need of economy in the household.

The day that Rudolf returned to St. Timothy's, his father, saying good-bye, paid him a tribute that pleased him.

"You are nineteen; you think like a man now, Rudolf, — not like a boy. You are more mature than most boys of your age. You have character, personality, you will have influence. Always, so long as you live, be loyal in heart and act to the land of your fathers, make it your duty to explain it to those who do not understand it and to defend it against those who attack it; use the influence that you have and that will come to you in later years to promote the interests of Germany no less than of America. Never mind if you find it an unpopular cause; it will be a triumphant one in the end."

"I don't see that there's much that I can

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do," Rudolf answered. "But of course what I can do for the cause I always will."

St. Timothy's offered a no more fertile field for his propaganda than during the first term. If anything, the anti-German temper of his friends had hardened. More frequently now did Rudolf hear the expression, "England and France are fighting our battle." It was sure to form part of the reply to any suggestion that it was improper to send munitions to the enemies of Germany. Jim Dubois and Kenneth Park especially showed an increase of bitterness. Jim Dubois announced one day in a gathering when Rudolf was present that his English uncle, a colonel in active service in Belgium, had seen a little Belgian girl with her hands cut off.

"What of it?" demanded Rudolf.

"What of it!" Jim and the others turned upon him incredulously. "You think it's all right to treat children that way, do you?"

"Did your uncle say that he saw a German cut her hands off?"

"No, but —"

"Did he say that he knew any one who had seen her have her hands cut off?"

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"No, but he implied —"

"Yes, that's the way these atrocity stories start. Children have accidents in this country and lose their hands; pretty soon you fellows will be in a state where if you see a child without hands you'll believe that some German deliberately chopped them off."

"They kill them, and blow off their arms and legs with bombs," said Kenneth. "It does n't make much difference how they do it, so long as they do it."

"It makes a difference whether it's intentional or an accident."

"It's the sort of accident that never happened until the Germans set out to impose Kultur on the world."

Rudolf had to fall back on his formula. "I know the German people and you don't. They don't commit atrocities."

By an odd coincidence the same mail brought the two room-mates letters written on Christmas in the trenches. Rudolf's was a copy of a letter that Friedrich had written to his mother and that she had sent on to her sister-in-law. There was a passage in it that Rudolf felt it

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might be worth while to bring to Kenneth's attention.

"Just to show you what German officers are really like," he said. "Let me read you this from a letter from my cousin Friedrich, written on Christmas. 'I had a little Christmas tree in my dug-out and placed round it all the presents that you and father and Bertha sent me. You have no idea how welcome they all were, and I thank you all ever so much. Such good things to eat! — I invited Heinrich von Arnim and a couple of others to share the feast. But I saved out of it a whole box of cakes, and I hope you will not be cross with me when I tell you what I mean to do with them. In the village back of the lines where I go when I am relieved from duty in the front trenches there is a family I have got interested in — well-to-do before the war, and now they have nothing. There are two small children; I think when next I see them I will give them a little bit of my Christmas.'"

"He seems a decent sort of fellow," said Kenneth. "But he does n't seem to see and probably you don't either, Rudolf, that you can't

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rob a family of all they have and then make it up to them by giving the children a few cakes on Christmas."

"I see that perfectly," replied Rudolf. "But I don't admit that it has any bearing on the situation."

"I think it's quite to the point," replied Kenneth. "Now, here is a letter from Clifford, also written on Christmas; I'd like to read you part of it. 'We are only about fifty yards from the German lines, and so we had the full benefit of the festival of song with which the Boches have been celebrating the day. They seemed to be an especially pious bunch, those that are opposite us; they gave us one nice little Christmas carol after another—"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," a lot of the "Peace on earth, to men good-will" stuff which they sang with true Teutonic unction. When they had finished, some wag in our company said, "Now let's give them the 'Hymn of Hate,' fellows." We've all learned that lovely thing, and so we let go, and to hear us you would have thought we were the most violent haters of the English that the war had produced. We had n't got halfway through

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our hymn, when *bang! bang!* and the Boches turned loose their machine guns and rifles, though there was n't so much as a periscope showing. Just pumped lead into the sandbags — their only way of showing their spite. The Boche has no sense of humor and can't take a joke, but he knows when he's being laughed at — and how he does hate it!"

To Rudolf, with his memory of the Christmas celebration at home, the passage from Clifford's letter was peculiarly grating.

"I must say," he remarked, "that the Christmas spirit of the Germans, as shown in my cousin's letter, was better than the Christmas spirit of the English, as shown in your brother's."

"You would think so," replied Kenneth succinctly.

In February the newspapers recorded the first of the attacks that the Germans undertook in their effort to break through and seize the Channel ports. Every day thereafter for more than two weeks came news of the bloodiest fighting of the war, round Ypres and along the Yser. Every day the Canadians were mentioned as in the thick of the fighting. Every

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day Kenneth awoke to an unutterable dread; every night he had long wakeful times of hideous imaginings and when he fell asleep his dreams were an intolerable torture.

Then the efforts of the Germans to break the British line ceased; for the next two months there was "comparative quiet" on the Flanders front. Clifford had shared in the heaviest fighting and had come through it unscathed.

In April the second battle of Ypres began, and again Kenneth lived from hour to hour in dread. At eleven o'clock on the third day of the battle he and Rudolf were at work in their room; there was a knock on the door, and then entered young Warren, of the Fourth Form, looking scared and white.

"A telegram was telephoned out from town for you, Park," he said.

He handed an envelope to Kenneth and slipped quickly out of the room.

Kenneth's hands shook, he opened the envelope, glanced at the note, and then with a moan sank into his chair. Putting his arms on the desk before him, he buried his face and sobbed.

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“Ken, old man!” cried Rudolf, and he came up and put his arm affectionately round Kenneth’s shoulders. “What is it, Ken?”

Kenneth, sobbing, and without looking up, pushed the note out where Rudolf could read it.

Clifford was killed yesterday. Come home to us.

FATHER.

VI

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KENNETH returned to St. Timothy's after an absence of less than a week. He had never had much color; now he looked pale and tired as well as sad; his black clothes emphasized his pallor.

Rudolf had in a sense dreaded his return; he had feared that now Kenneth's aversion for one who was pro-German would be so strong as to overcome old feelings of affection. But Kenneth, although his eyes did not light up and the cloud of sadness did not lift from his face, greeted his room-mate without any show of antagonism. And after a little while he paused in his unpacking and, coming over to Rudolf, perched beside him on the arm of his chair.

"You were mighty good to me, Rudolf, the way you helped me that day," he said. "You did everything for me — and your offering to go all the way home with me if I wanted it

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touched me very much. So did the letter you wrote to me, Rudolf."

"It was nothing. I could n't tell you how I felt, Ken. I can't tell you now."

"We have n't heard any details yet. We're afraid to hear them and yet we want to." Kenneth's gaze strayed to his desk, and there for the first time he noticed that at the top of the framed photograph of Clifford was attached a sprig of laurel. "That was nice of you, Rudolf." He rose and going over to the desk, took up the picture.

"I put it on the day you went away. All the fellows have been in to look at the photograph. He looked like you, Ken."

"I should like to be like him."

Kenneth looked at the photograph for a few moments and then put it back on the desk.

"I felt I wanted to go over and take his place. But mother and father — they said they simply could n't — Clifford was worth two of me."

He choked and turned away his head.

"You're all right, Ken, and you'll be all the better for having your brother's example."

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"I ought to be; I'll try. But if I could have him too!"

Rudolf's sympathy won a silent response from Kenneth. For although his brother's death had intensified the bitterness of his feeling against the Germans, he did not now speak against them in Rudolf's presence; he abstained from talk about the war. Rudolf, for his part, was careful to avoid grounds of controversy; he even read his German newspapers at times when Kenneth was not in the room, and he ceased his practice of calling attention to passages that particularly pleased him. The cartoons remained on the walls, anti-German and anti-English facing each other, but for all the comment that passed between the room-mates the subject illustrated might have been a dead issue.

It was not a dead issue; the truce proved of brief duration. One day Rudolf came into the room a few minutes after the morning mail had been distributed and found Kenneth standing in the middle of the floor with a strange expression on his face. In one hand he held a letter; there was a look of suffering and also of anger,

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even of ferocity, in his eyes; his face, as he turned upon Rudolf, was set and stern.

"I have learned the details of Clifford's death," he said in a voice that was low and quivering. "He was one of those who were killed by poison gas. He lay for five hours, suffering agony, with his lungs and throat being slowly eaten away. Tortured to death by the Huns — and the Kaiser thanking God for the heaven-sent poison gas that killed my brother! A weapon forbidden in war — but the Huns thank God for it! I suppose you thank God for it too, Rudolf?"

"Don't, Kenneth!" cried Rudolf. "Surely you know how I feel about your brother's death!"

"Then how do you feel now about the Germans?"

"Let's not discuss that. My feelings about them have nothing to do with my feelings about you and your sorrow."

"My brother was the best man I ever knew," said Kenneth. "He never did a mean thing, he was gentle and kind, he went to war honorably, to fight honorably; but any one who fights hon-

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orably against your wicked Kaiser and his filthy Huns is at a hopeless disadvantage. You will admit that now, won't you?"

"Please don't insist on an argument, Ken."

"Then you won't admit it?"

"I think the Germans fight as honorably as any one. If they've resorted to poison gas, it's only after the British have been using dum-dum bullets."

"That lie has been disproved time and again."

"Denial is no disproof. The Germans have asserted it. But anyway, Ken, war is so hideous and horrible that I don't believe poison gas tortures men more than shrapnel and high explosives."

"So you defend the use of it! Yes, I have no doubt you join the Kaiser in thanking God for the heaven-sent gift! You decorate my brother's picture and exult over the fiendish cruelty that made him die in agony!"

"Ken, don't be unreasonable!" cried Rudolf. "I have n't exulted over any such thing — I don't!"

"You defend it — there's no difference. I

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want to hear you say that now you know the Germans make war like savages, not like a civilized nation."

"The whole thing is uncivilized," Rudolf answered. "I wish they had n't used poison gas — but I'm sure they were n't the first to violate the usages of war. I wish they had n't dropped bombs on Antwerp and Paris — but I think that technically they were justified."

There was something inexorable, inscrutable in the look with which Kenneth regarded his room-mate.

"When I think of Clifford's agony — suffocating, smothering, strangling for five hours — and when I think of you, mildly deprecating, trying to excuse — !"

He broke off short on the note of contempt, seized his hat, and left the room.

Rudolf sat gazing moodily out of the window. He could understand Kenneth's bitterness; he could not really resent it. Suppose it had been a brother of his own who had met such a hideous death; suppose even it had been Kenneth, who was as like a brother to him as it was possible for any one to be; could he have borne any

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defense of those who had inflicted such a death upon Kenneth?

Kenneth would forgive him sometime; meanwhile he must try to avoid saying things that would grate on Kenneth's nerves.

It was n't the friction with Kenneth that troubled him most; it was the effort to reconcile the German conduct of the war with what he was convinced was the justice of the German cause. The use of poison gas was n't right, however one might excuse it, — and why, when their cause was right, could n't the Germans use only methods that were right? Why did they persist in exciting against them the indignation of the neutral world?

His eyes fell on Kenneth's copy of the "Evidence and Documents Laid Before the Committee on Alleged German Outrages." Kenneth had obtained this book only the day before and had satirically recommended it to Rudolf's attention. Now on a sudden impulse he picked it up. He was reading it when, half an hour later, Kenneth entered the room.

The spectacle seemed to afford Kenneth satisfaction.

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"Find it interesting?" he asked.

"I find it unbelievable," replied Rudolf.

"Do you think any one could make up such stories?"

"Yes — more easily than that Germans could commit such acts."

"The evidence is too circumstantial to be questioned."

"No names are given; it's always just 'A Belgian Soldier' or 'A Belgian Refugee' who tells the story."

"That's so that their relatives, if there are any left in Belgium, won't be made to suffer."

"Still, evidence that is put in anonymously is n't worth much."

"How about the facsimiles of German diaries at the end of the book?"

Rudolf turned over and glanced at the photographic representations of pages from captured diaries.

"They could perfectly well be faked. I simply don't believe any of these things."

"Do you think Lord Bryce is the kind of man who would put out a false report — or let himself be imposed on by faked stories?"

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"I don't doubt that he sincerely believed them. But I think it may be a case almost like that of the Salem witchcraft — where people honestly thought they had seen things and knew of things and testified to them, and upright judges were impressed by their evidence and condemned perfectly innocent persons to death."

"It's the Germans who were seeing things and putting innocent persons to death," said Kenneth. "But I'm done arguing with you. A fellow who after airplane and Zeppelin raids and poison gas atrocities is n't impressed by that book is hopeless."

Although Rudolf had expressed disbelief, he was haunted by the stories that he had read in the book of "Alleged German Outrages." What if those things were, indeed, true? What if only some of them were true? Was it possible that Lord Bryce could have been deluded? Would he have deliberately tried to impose on the world a compilation of lies? The ghastly realism of the stories told in that book was such that Rudolf could not dismiss them from his mind as mere malicious fiction. They were, as

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he had said to Kenneth, unbelievable, and yet they were told with a simplicity and directness that challenged skepticism. The deeds described — no people on earth would have committed them — least of all Germans! Yet the deeds described — no man, no group of men surely could have invented them, with such variety and reality of detail!

That evening in Rudolf's presence Kenneth read the book of "Alleged German Outrages" ostentatiously. He ejaculated from time to time with indignation and horror; and without any preface, any invitation to Rudolf to listen, he read aloud: —

Testimony of a Belgian married woman: "I remember the second occasion when the Germans bombarded Malines. One day when the Germans were not actually bombarding the town I left my house to go to my mother's house in High Street. My husband was with me. I saw eight German soldiers. They came round a corner into the street in which I was walking with my husband and came towards us. They were drunk. They were singing and making a lot of noise and dancing about. They were in grey uniforms. As the German soldiers came along the street I saw a small child, whether boy or girl I could not see,

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come out of a house. The child was about two years of age. The child came into the middle of the street so as to be in the way of the soldiers. The soldiers were walking in twos. The first line of two passed the child; one of the second line, the man on the left, stepped aside and drove his bayonet with both hands into the child's stomach, lifting the child into the air on his bayonet and carrying it away on his bayonet, he and his comrades still singing. I could see the man for about two hundred yards, still carrying the child on his bayonet. Then the soldiers were hidden by a curve in the street. The child screamed when the soldier struck it with his bayonet, but not afterwards."

Rudolf preserved stolidity of demeanor and remained silent. Kenneth, after looking up to give him an opportunity to express himself, turned to the book and read for a time in silence. When at last he closed the book he said grimly, "Reading this makes me want more than ever to go and take Clifford's place."

Kenneth had hardened in mind and character; he had outgrown the boyish immaturity which six months before had contrasted with Rudolf's self-possession. The lines of his face and the expression of his eyes had taken on a

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seriousness that was new and permanent. Rudolf, who had been accustomed to regard him with somewhat the affection of an older brother for a younger, felt as if Kenneth had suddenly grown up to his own age; he recognized that his term of leadership had passed. He did not regret that; he only regretted the alienation of spirit and sympathy that seemed now so pronounced.

Yet that night and on many nights thereafter Kenneth involuntarily appeared to Rudolf in so piteous an aspect as to arouse only compassion. He cried out in his sleep, as if in agony and terror, he gasped and struggled and seemed to choke for breath; and Rudolf sprang from bed and went to quiet him. He put his hand on Kenneth's shoulder and shook him gently, saying, "All right, old man, all right — nothing but a dream." Kenneth, with eyes open, panting, said, "Yes — a dream!" Then, when he was quiet and awake, Rudolf went back to bed and lay silent. Kenneth after an interval said, as if speaking to himself, "If it only were a dream!"

It was a dream that returned to Kenneth re-

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peatedly, and each time, when he was suffering in the grip of it, Rudolf came to his aid.

Yet, however hearts might be torn, emotions stirred, imaginations occupied, the life of the School continued in its normal course. Violent as might be one's partisanship in the great European struggle, there was no forgetting that the immediate enemy was St. John's; whatever difference of opinion there might be about national preparedness, there was unanimity of conviction about the necessity of preparing against St. John's.

So Rudolf had the candidates for the nine at work; he prevailed on his room-mate to come out to pitch — although Kenneth had said he did n't believe he should ever be interested in baseball any more. Yet almost at once Kenneth found that to be again in the pitcher's box, with Rudolf crouching behind the plate and smiling at him through the catcher's mask, was to have his old confidence in Rudolf return. In a contest there was a fellow you could depend on, there was a fellow that would see you through.

On the afternoon of May 7 Rudolf organized a game between the first and second nines. It

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was a warm and pleasant afternoon; Kenneth pitched with something of his old skill; Rudolf batted the ball terrifically, a home run to right field, a three-base hit to left; and out in left field Jim Dubois made a startling one-hand catch. It was the sensation of the day. "If you could pull off something like that, Jim, in the game with St. John's, you'd be a hero forever," said Joe Casson as they were walking up from the field.

Rudolf, Kenneth, Joe Casson, and Jim Dubois entered the Upper School together. Mr. Elwood, grave-faced, met them with a newspaper in his hand.

"A German submarine has sunk the Lusitania," he said. "Great loss of life, it's feared."

Jim Dubois clutched Kenneth's arm with a grip so tense that, stupefied though he was by the news, Kenneth turned to look at him. Jim's face was bloodless, a deathly white; his eyes were fixed on Mr. Elwood in an unnatural stare; suddenly they filled with tears.

"My mother was on it," he said in a choking voice. "Are — are any names given, Mr. Elwood?"

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"No," said Mr. Elwood, instantly compassionate. "Very likely the passengers were all saved. The first reports are apt to be sensational. Take the paper, Jim."

The boy ran his eyes up and down the columns; the news of the massacre was vague and meager. His comrades looked at him, appalled.

"Torpedoed without warning!" His voice was faint. "I — oh, Mr. Elwood, I must find out!" He dropped the paper on the floor and started to run down the steps. Mr. Elwood and the others followed and overtook him.

"Wait a moment, Jim." Mr. Elwood put a hand on the boy's arm and brought him to a halt; Jim looked up with harassed, beseeching eyes. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know — telephone — get father — find out something!"

"You had better just wait and hope. Your father will let you know just as soon as he hears anything; you may be sure of that. If you try to get him by long distance, you probably won't succeed; he's undoubtedly not at his office or his house; he's out trying to get information. You'd better leave the line free, so that when

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he tries to reach you there will be no delay. Telegraph him, if you like."

"Yes, I'll telegraph him; thank you, Mr. Elwood."

Jim was off, running again, headed for the School office. The other boys accompanied him. They stood by while he wrote out the telegram to his father.

"I'm going to wait right here," he said to the clerk, "until I get word." He seated himself in a chair close by the telephone. "My uncle has been invalided home from the trenches, and my grandmother is very ill," he explained to his friends. "Mother felt she must go over to see them. We never supposed there was really any danger. — Torpedoed without warning!"

He looked at Rudolf; the others looked at Rudolf.

"The devils!" said Joe Casson.

Rudolf said nothing.

VII

INCIDENTAL TRAGEDIES OF WAR

THE bell rang summoning the School to the afternoon studies.

"I'll stay with you if you'd like to have me, Jim," said Joe Casson, who was Jim Dubois's room-mate and closest friend. "I can get excused all right."

"No, thank you, Joe. I'll just sit here. There's nothing any of you can do."

"You'll surely have good news in a little while, Jim," said Rudolf.

"Yes, sure you will," echoed Joe Casson. "As Mr. Elwood said, first reports are apt to be sensational."

"I don't know — if it's true that the ship was torpedoed without warning —" Jim shook his head.

Kenneth and Joe and Rudolf withdrew.

"Torpedoed without warning!" Kenneth spoke the words with a glance at Rudolf. Then he looked up at the sky and said, "Has anybody anything to say?"

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"If you mean me," replied Rudolf, "I shall probably have something to say when the facts are known. Until then I shan't say anything."

"That's fair," admitted Joe Casson.

Classes were conducted under tension that afternoon. Both boys and masters found it hard to bend their minds upon the lessons. The news that had reached the School and that might mean war would have preoccupied them even had it not carried a poignant and personal implication. Every boy, every master in the School had learned that Jim Dubois's mother had been on the *Lusitania*, and that Jim was waiting — waiting —

He was still waiting when Rudolf and Kenneth stopped in at the office on their way to supper. He had received a telegram from his father, which he showed them — "No news; desperately anxious; will notify you immediately when I hear anything."

"I sent another telegram to him," said Jim. "I said, 'Telegraph and telephone, both,' so that I should be sure to hear as soon as possible. I'm going to wait here until word comes."

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"You're going to eat something," said Kenneth.

"Joe will bring me a sandwich; I don't care what I have. I'm not hungry."

"You don't mean to sit up all night?"

"I mean to sit here until I know."

"I suppose I should do the same in your place," said Kenneth. "I'll come and see you after supper."

There was no news after supper, or again later that evening when Kenneth stopped in at the office. Jim's eyes showed the strain he was under; they were heavy and there were red circles round them.

"Had n't you better go to bed, Jim?" Kenneth asked.

"No. I'm not going to bed at all. I'm going to stay right in this room till I hear."

"But you surely won't hear anything now till morning."

"I might. Anyway, I want to be here," in case the telephone should ring. — Besides, I could n't sleep. Dr. Davenport's given me permission. Joe Casson's going to sit up the first part of the night with me, and Mac the second.

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It's good of them to do it; I'd rather not be alone."

"Don't you want me to spell them a while?"

"Oh, no, that's not necessary."

Rudolf looked up eagerly when Kenneth came into the room. "Any news yet, Ken?"

"No. He's going to stay up all night, waiting."

Rudolf was silent a moment. "I suppose he'd really rather have me keep away from him," he said. "I wish I could do something to help — but I guess that's all I can do."

Kenneth was touched by the wistfulness of the remark.

"There's nothing that anybody can do," he answered gently; and he did not plunge into the denunciation of the latest German act — the denunciation that he had been prepared to launch at his room-mate. The two boys went to bed in silence.

The next morning, while they were dressing, Mac Rivington, looking tired and sleepy, came into their room. "No news yet," he reported. "Jim's got to knock off pretty soon; he'll be all in. He just sits and waits, or walks up

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and down the room, and waits; it's awful, the suspense."

"Is it known yet that any people were drowned?" asked Rudolf.

"Hundreds of them," replied Mac. "We called up the newspaper in town, and that's what they told us — hundreds."

"I can't believe it!" exclaimed Rudolf. "There's some mistake, I know."

But he could not say that after reading the morning newspaper. His breakfast went almost untouched. The headlines stunned him; he was for a time oblivious of the comment that passed on all sides, oblivious of the looks directed at him, of the utterances intended especially for his ears. Until now he had believed there really must be some mistake; that the sinking, if it had taken place, had not been deliberate and intentional, or that passengers and crew had, of course, been given an opportunity to escape. The headlines killed that belief.

He saw a list of names — "Those known to have been saved." He scanned it eagerly. Jim's mother was not in the list. He turned the page; there was no list of dead. Only stories of sur-

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vivors — matter-of-fact stories of the circumstances of the crime, heartrending stories of terror and sacrifice and tragedy. Also there was printed the announcement of the warning that the German Embassy had sought to have conveyed to passengers on the Lusitania before the ship sailed — the warning that indicated clearly the official character of the crime.

He looked up at last from the newspaper, and at once the eyes of all the others at the table were turned towards him. Joe Casson spoke.

“What do you think now, Rudolf?”

“I have n’t begun to think,” Rudolf answered. “I’m waiting till the whole story is in.”

“You don’t think it will make the thing any better, do you?”

“We need n’t press Rudolf now,” Mr. Elwood interposed. “It’s no wonder that he should feel overwhelmed by such news.”

“It ought n’t to be difficult for any one to know right off how he feels about a cold-blooded massacre,” said Joe Casson.

Rudolf was silent. He kept away from the other boys as much as he could that day. At

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noon Kenneth told him that Jim Dubois had gone home.

"His father talked with him over the long distance at about ten o'clock," said Kenneth. "He told Jim that he was afraid there was no hope and that they had better make up their minds to the worst. He told Jim that he'd like to have him come home, and Jim said he wanted to go. So he left at eleven."

"Perhaps his mother was saved," said Rudolf. "It's likely, I should think, that there might be several boat-loads still to be picked up."

"I certainly hope so, but it looks bad."

Mac Rivington and Joe Casson had seen Jim Dubois off on the train. They returned to the School in a temper to take revenge in the only quarter that was open to attack. At luncheon Joe leaned across the table and said:—

"Rudolf, I suppose you're hoping it was your cousin who was in command of the German submarine that won this great naval victory?"

"You'll be proud of it, if it was, won't you?" said Mac Rivington.

"Quite an achievement to have in the family," remarked Joe.

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"Cousin Heinrich will get the Iron Cross, largest size," said Mac.

"Of course, it may not have been Cousin Heinrich's submarine," said Joe. "If it was n't, how jealous he must feel!"

"If it was, how jealous Cousin Friedrich must feel!" said Mac. "Burning villages in Belgium — that's nothing like such a victory!"

"Yes, only the small-sized Iron Cross for that," said Joe. "If Heinrich fired that torpedo, he's certainly got a long start on Friedrich."

They spoke with venom in their tones as well as in their words. Rudolf stolidly maintained silence.

Underneath his mask of calm and self-control, he was struggling with an overwhelming bewilderment. He was sure that there must be justification for the sinking of the Lusitania; otherwise the Germans would never have committed the act. Yet the attack was not merely upon an enemy ship; it was upon neutral persons as well, citizens of his own country, women and children of his own country; and he felt the thrill of indignation and of horror no less than Kenneth and Joe Casson and Mac Rivington.

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Even before it had occurred to Joe and Mac to taunt him with the possibility, he had thought how intolerable it would be if it were his cousin Heinrich who had commanded that submarine. The description of the scenes on the sinking ship and of the deaths of women and little children had filled his mind ever since he had read it; the probability that the mother of a school-mate and intimate friend had so met her death intensified the vividness of the tragedy; he pictured his own mother dying so, and imagined what his own emotions would be.

The next morning the newspapers had the complete list of the passengers saved from the Lusitania and of those who were missing. In the list of the missing was the name of Mrs. Dubois.

That morning Rudolf received a letter from his father and the copy of the German-American newspaper on which he had come to rely. Both his father's letter and the editorial article in the newspaper furnished the German explanation of the act. The Lusitania was a ship loaded with munitions; those munitions, if permitted to reach their destination, might

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cause the death of thousands of German soldiers; furthermore, the Lusitania was armed. The German Government had done everything in its power to warn American citizens not to sail on what was in effect a warship. The British Government had chosen in spite of those warnings to permit passengers to sail. The action of the British Government was comparable to that of an army that made a living shield for itself of women and children. American women and children had no more business on the Lusitania than between the lines of hostile trenches. It was lamentable that there had been such loss of life. The submarine commander had no doubt assumed that on so calm a day it would be possible for passengers and crew to get away safely after the vessel was torpedoed; he probably had not supposed that so huge a ship could go down so quickly. But regrettable and tragic though it all was, neither to the submarine commander nor to the German Government did any blame attach. England had been criminal in encouraging civilians to sail on a warship; the American Government had been lax in letting them sail; and on Eng-

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land and on the Washington Administration, not on Germany, should the people of the United States put the responsibility.

The newspaper argument was elaborated in Mr. Hertz's letter. Rudolf read letter and editorial article carefully, twice. He could not see any flaw in the reasoning. It was England's act rather than Germany's that was dastardly. And our Government was to blame for not protecting its people, for not forbidding them to travel on munition ships. It was right for a Government to take even the harshest measures to protect its own people. That was what the German Government had been compelled to do.

Yet, even while this reasoning was acceptable to Rudolf's intellect, it was revolting to his heart. He took a long and lonely walk, and wrestled with conflicting thoughts.

If he were Jim Dubois, would n't he be justified in hating Germany forever?

On the other hand, if the Lusitania had been allowed to proceed in safety, and his cousin Friedrich had been killed later by one of the shells that were in her cargo, would n't Aunt Minna and Uncle Otto be justified in feeling the

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utmost bitterness against their Government — a Government that protected the lives of neutrals at the cost of the lives of its own people?

The sinking of the *Lusitania* was terrible and cruel. But war was terrible and cruel. Rudolf returned from his walk, stubbornly hardening his heart, stubbornly resolved that the reasoning which had convinced his mind should guide him.

When he entered his room, he found Kenneth there, with Mac Rivington.

"Here's your room-mate, the Sphinx," Mac said to Kenneth, and he glanced satirically at Rudolf.

"What is it you want the Sphinx to tell you?" Rudolf asked.

"Oh, we'd like a few remarks from it about the *Lusitania*."

"All right. I'm ready to say now just what I think about that." And Rudolf set forth the position that he had adopted.

"Rudolf's heart bleeds for the *Lusitania* the way the Kaiser's bled for Louvain," Mac Rivington commented when he had finished.

"I never supposed I should be rooming with

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a fellow that would try to excuse the murder of a friend's mother," said Kenneth.

"You call it murder; I call it one of the tragedies of war," replied Rudolf.

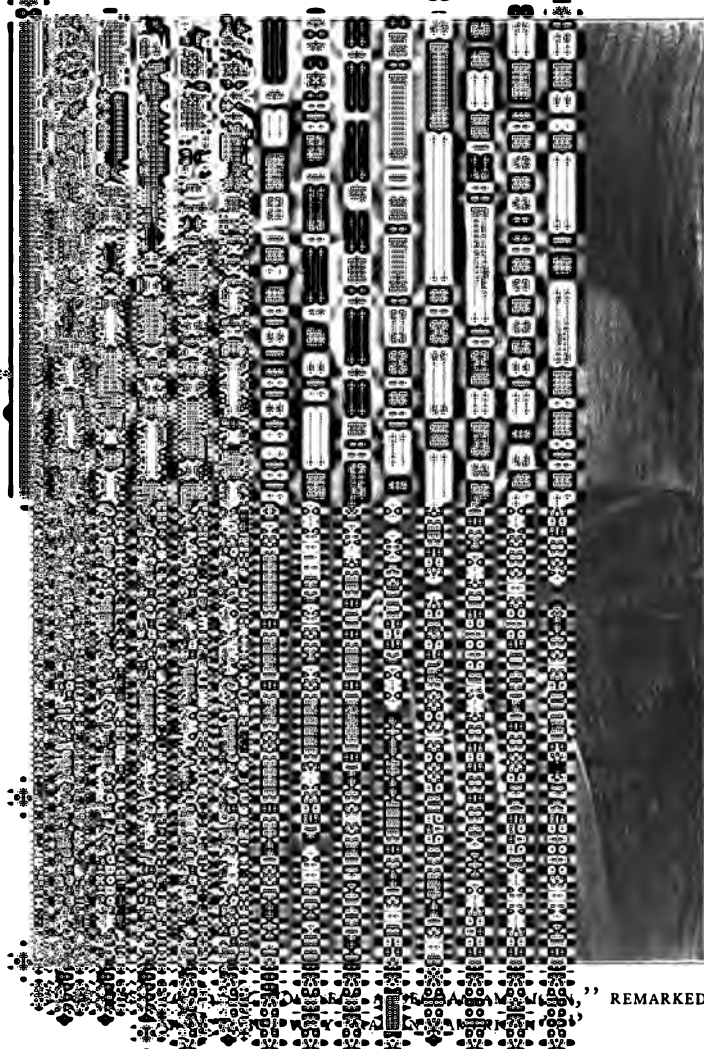
"You can call it what you like; you can call it, like the Germans, a glorious naval victory if you want to," said Kenneth. "But you know and I know that Jim Dubois's mother was drowned — and you know she was n't fighting the Germans any more than the babies that they drowned with her were fighting them. Still, call it what you like."

"How would 'an unfortunate incident' do?" suggested Mac Rivington. "You might write to Jim condoling with him on the unfortunate incident that has deprived him of his mother."

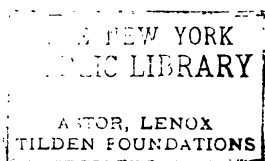
"From your argument, Rudolf," said Kenneth slowly, "you seem more concerned about the possible killing of German soldiers than about the actual killing of American women and children. What are you anyway — German or American?"

"I simply don't let prejudice warp my judgment," Rudolf answered.

Kenneth and Mac laughed derisively.



REMARKED



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"What you mean is you don't let any prejudice in favor of the British warp your judgment," said Kenneth.

"I suppose you call yourself a German-American," remarked Mac. "But why drag in 'American'?"

"I'm a better American than those that are trying to urge this country into war," said Rudolf hotly.

"I suppose there's no reason to be surprised by your defense of the sinking of the *Lusitania*," said Mac. "The type of mind that defended the invasion of Belgium *would* defend the sinking of the *Lusitania*."

The dinner bell, which rang at that moment, did not put an end to the altercation. On the contrary, it enlarged the scope of it. Mac Rivington sat at the same table with Rudolf, and as soon as he was seated, he announced that the pro-German Sphinx had broken its silence.

"I suppose, then, he's found it was all right to sink the *Lusitania*," said Joe Casson.

"All right! Why, it was one of the most creditable little things the Germans have yet pulled off," replied Mac.

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"I'd rather state my position than have you state it for me," said Rudolf. Mr. Elwood and the others at the table immediately gave him a degree of attention that was disconcerting. "I think the killing of all those innocent non-combatants was a terrible thing," Rudolf continued. "But you've got to consider that the ship was transporting munitions which were to be used for killing Germans. It seems to me unreasonable to expect the Germans to let those munitions be put to that use if there was any way of preventing it. They had only one way of preventing it. They did their best to keep passengers from sailing on that ship. There was every reason to believe that with a perfectly calm sea all the passengers would get away safely in the boats. It seems to me it's just one of the incidental tragedies of war."

Something like a snort of disgust went up from the audience.

"In short," observed Mr. Elwood sardonically, "another case in which German necessity knew no law."

"I think," replied Rudolf, "that as the submarine has been developed there is no law to

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cover its operations. International law did n't anticipate such a development. It's unreasonable to suppose that a nation at war should n't use a valuable new weapon simply because existing international law did n't anticipate the development of such a weapon."

"It could perfectly well be used in conformity with international law," replied Mr. Elwood. "In that case it would not be used against women and children."

"I feel that the violation of international law was all on the part of the English," said Rudolf. "The English were using women and children practically as a living shield for what was really a warship."

"A preposterous contention!" exclaimed Mr. Elwood. "And in my opinion no navy except the German would fire on such a living shield."

"You don't think an American submarine commander would do such a thing, do you?" asked Joe Casson.

"I don't know what an American submarine commander might do."

"If you think he would, you're more German than American. I guess you're more German

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than American anyway. Standing up for Germans murdering Americans — only a German at heart would do it.”

“That’s enough, Joe,” said Mr. Elwood. “I think that we had all better drop the subject. It is n’t a question that we here can settle anyway.”

The meal proceeded and was finished in comparative silence.

That afternoon the baseball practice was perfunctory. Rudolf felt that there was disaffection among the players. He put all his energy and vigor into the coaching, but he won no enthusiastic response from any one. Whispered conversations that stopped when he drew near went on among those who waited their turn at the bat. Those who were in the field obeyed his commands with an air of indifference.

After the practice Rudolf walked from the field to the Upper School alone. Ordinarily he was the center of an animated group. To-day he realized that his usual companions were hanging back — waiting for him to get out of the way.

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He had been in his room for half an hour, trying to study and making but poor success at it, before Kenneth came in. Kenneth's face was grave; he did not look at Rudolf or speak, yet he sat down at his desk and then swung round towards his room-mate as if he had something to say. After drawing diagrams on his blotter with a pencil for a while, he began abruptly:—

"Rudolf, do you really mean everything you've said about the Lusitania?"

"Yes," Rudolf answered. "Every word."

"You don't care to modify it at all?"

"No."

"The fellows are feeling very strongly about it — more strongly, perhaps, than you know."

"That would be a poor reason for my changing my opinion, would n't it?" asked Rudolf.

"They want to give you every chance to reconsider. If you don't — they'll all give up baseball rather than play with you on the team."

"They need n't do that. I'll get off the team, of course."

"I supposed you would. Just an ordinary

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pro-German taint would n't have mattered so much; but excusing the Lusitania, excusing the murder of Jim Dubois's mother — that's more than the fellows will stand for."

"It's to be a regular boycott then — in everything?"

"I dare say it's likely to amount to that. There's a feeling that you no longer have any common ground with the rest of us."

"I'll see the Rector to-day and find out if he can give me another room."

"Oh, there's no need of that. We have n't quarreled. We can be civil to each other for the few weeks that are left."

"Under the circumstances it would be more comfortable for both of us to be living alone. I'll go and see the Rector now."

Rudolf walked slowly to Dr. Davenport's house. He felt hurt and depressed, and at the same time he felt it was unworthy to have any such feelings. In such a time what did one's little personal happiness, friendships, popularity amount to? The disappearance of them was just one of the incidental minor tragedies of war.

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The talk with the Rector was unproductive. There was no room vacant to which Rudolf might be transferred. Furthermore, Dr. Davenport expressed the hope that contact with persons who felt as Kenneth did would be better for Rudolf than isolation.

"You're too intelligent, Rudolf, to persist in being wrongheaded," the Rector said to him.

"You people here don't understand the German point of view," Rudolf replied. "The American press misrepresents it and colors the news."

"The Lusitania massacre, like the invasion of Belgium, cannot be colored blacker than it is," said Dr. Davenport. "In face of such facts, it's mere quibbling to talk about misrepresenting the German point of view."

"I see those facts so differently," answered Rudolf.

"I am sorry for it. I would rather have almost any other boy in the School take a distorted view."

"It's the view my father holds. He probably knows more about Germany than any one up here."

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"I see there's no use in arguing. You've chosen your bed, and I suppose you must lie in it. As for separating you and Kenneth, it is n't practicable — and I should be sorry to think it was necessary."

So Rudolf reported to Kenneth that he would have to continue to put up with his company, and Kenneth merely replied, "It won't be difficult."

Rudolf sat down at his desk and wrote out his resignation as captain of the nine. He handed it to Kenneth.

"You can explain to the fellows that I shan't embarrass them by coming out to play either," he said. "So long as they feel as they do, I'm done with baseball, of course."

Joe Casson was elected Rudolf's successor. In the afternoons Rudolf did not go near the athletic field; he stayed at home and read his German newspapers — and also from time to time that volume which had a horrible fascination for him, "The Evidence on Alleged German Outrages." And the result of his solitary life and reading was that he admitted to himself doubts and qualifications in his adherence

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to the German cause, doubts and qualifications which he never admitted to others. Pride kept him from such admission; he would do nothing that might be construed as an attempt to regain some of the popularity that he had lost. On the main issues of the war he stood firm; it was the subsidiary issues that troubled him. There were so many incidental tragedies in this war! More, many more, than were really necessary. He admitted that, but only to himself.

That phrase of his, "incidental tragedies of war," had unfortunate consequences. When Jim Dubois returned to the School, Rudolf hoped that no one would be so unkind as to repeat to him the words in which he had characterized his mother's death. But on the second day after his return, at the end of the Sixth Form Latin class Jim came up to Rudolf.

"I've been told," he said in an unsteady voice, "that you made the remark that my mother's death was just one of the incidental tragedies of war. Did you say that?"

"I certainly did n't," replied Rudolf. "I did n't speak of it with any such lack of feeling. What I did say — though I don't know why

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any one should have seen fit to repeat it to you — was that the drowning of the people on the Lusitania was one of the incidental tragedies of war."

"I see no difference." Jim looked at Rudolf with eyes in which both sorrow and hate glistened. "I never want to speak to you again; and I don't care ever to have you speak to me."

He turned and walked rapidly along the corridor to join Joe Casson and Mac Rivington, who were waiting for him.

VIII

AN ABRUPT ENDING

IN his letters home Rudolf said nothing about the changed conditions of his school life. He did not want to increase his family's unhappiness; since the sinking of the *Lusitania* there had been not one cheerful note in anything that his mother or his father or Elizabeth had written him. His father's letters were given over wholly to discussion of the war, of the attitude of the United States, and to reiterations of the argument in favor of the German submarine policy. There was always a fiercely exultant ring in his writing; it reminded Rudolf of his father's voice and gestures when he strode up and down the library at home, his eyes flashing, and denounced the criminality of the Allies or the favoritism shown them by the American Government.

Elizabeth and her mother wrote in far different vein. It was not the large issues of the war that formed the burden of their letters; it was

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the effect it was having on their own lives. "As your father explains the sinking of the Lusitania, it all seems justifiable," wrote Mrs. Hertz. "But I keep thinking and thinking about those poor women and children, and I can't feel it was right, no, I can't feel it was right. My reason tells me, after I hear your father talk, that it must have been, and I suppose that in war one should not be sentimental. But I can't help being sentimental over some things, and I don't believe I shall ever feel the same about the German Government again. It irritates your father to see that I have this feeling; I don't express it any more than I can help; but he seems to notice it, and he sometimes loses patience with me. My sympathies must, of course, be always with Germany; yet I can't agree with all the talk I hear at the meetings of our German relief committee, and I no longer see any of the people that we used to know who are pro-Ally. I feel very lonely mentally and very miserable, and I have Elizabeth on my mind; she is so cut off now from nearly all her old friends."

As Mrs. Hertz worried over Elizabeth, so

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Elizabeth worried over her mother. "It is really horrid at home these days, Rudolf. Father gives us the same old story, morning and night and all day Sundays. If mother or I venture to question anything he says, he flies into a passion and scolds and rages. Mother is often reduced to tears, and I just quiver and feel mad. I've left school; I was n't prepared to admit that the sinking of the Lusitania was all wrong, — though in spite of all father's arguments it's hard to see why it was n't, — and unless I did admit that, life at school was perfectly unendurable. I had been a minority of one there all the year, and it's rather a relief not to be in that position any longer. I suppose in your school it's different, with athletics to interest the fellows; but with us it was just everybody against me the whole time — everybody else making surgical dressings for the French wounded, or knitting socks for British soldiers, or doing something for Belgian relief, and all hating me for being on the other side. But it's not much better, now that I'm at home. I don't know which is worse — being always with a lot of people whom you don't

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care very much about and who are always disagreeable, or being always with the persons whom you care most about and who are always miserable. For that's the way it is at home now; and sometimes I wonder that mother and I don't go entirely off our heads, and sometimes I wonder if father is n't already off his. I suppose I want the Germans to win, just as he does, but some of the things they do make me perfectly sick, and it's no use trying to defend them."

Rudolf decided that as long as his family supposed the boys of St. Timothy's were too preoccupied with athletic activities to feel strongly about the war, he would not undeceive them. He felt, moreover, that if his father knew how matters stood, he would abruptly remove him from St. Timothy's. And although life at the School had become far less pleasant than he had ever supposed it could be, he did not desire a premature separation. He had a vague hope that somehow, before the end of the term, he would be able to establish better relations with those who had been his friends. He clung to them still in thought as friends, though the

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word was a misnomer for some of them — for Jim Dubois, who had no look of recognition for him, and for Mac Rivington and Joe Casson, who addressed him only in biting and unfriendly words. With Kenneth, his relations, if not so unpleasant, were of a purely formal character. Kenneth never talked with him about baseball, or his studies, or the college examinations — about any of the topics of local interest; and he never referred to the war. Intercourse between the two room-mates had become colorless and barren.

A letter from Rudolf's mother contained news that caused him to exclaim in horror as he read it.

"My cousin Friedrich has been frightfully wounded," he said to Kenneth. "Both legs so mangled by a shell that they had to be amputated — above the knee. He will live. It seems almost a pity."

Kenneth's reply seemed cold — even brutal.

"They make wonderful artificial legs nowadays. I guess his family are glad to have him alive, however he may be mutilated. He'll be able to make something of his life."

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"He was the most active, athletic sort of fellow," said Rudolf. "It's things like that that make the Germans hate this country," he added after a moment. "They have an idea that nearly all the shells that do any execution come from America. My aunt and uncle are convinced that Friedrich was the victim of an American shell. They are bitter against the United States."

"I'm sorry for them; I'm sorry for any German who's wounded or killed and who has n't himself committed some characteristic German atrocity," said Kenneth. "But why don't your uncle and your aunt and the other Germans apply to the cases of their own wounded and dead the reasoning they adopt about the Lusitania?"

"What do you mean?" asked Rudolf.

"Why, it was n't the Germans that caused the death of the people on the Lusitania; it was the British and American Governments, through letting their people go where they had no business to be. Now, if that argument is valid, it was n't a British or French or American shell that caused the injury to your cousin;

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it was the Imperial German Government, through sending him into Belgium, where — as the Imperial German Government once admitted — he had no business to be.”

“That’s merely frivolous,” said Rudolf.

“Just the word for the German arguments about the Lusitania. By the way, have you heard yet whether it was your cousin Heinrich who performed that heroic act?”

“No,” said Rudolf; “it was not.”

Kenneth relented, glancing at Rudolf’s face; after all, Rudolf was distressed by the news about Friedrich, and Kenneth was not cruel.

“I’ll say this for you, Rudolf,” he said; “I know mighty well it was a great relief to you to find it was no relative of yours that did that wicked thing, no matter how you may defend it.”

Rudolf did not reply; he was not going to weaken his position by the slightest admission. And yet he was touched by the generosity of Kenneth’s remark.

Kenneth sighed to himself; he had hoped at intervals that Rudolf might come round to a right view of things. He did not want to see

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Rudolf go away from the School at odds with all his old friends.

In the School there was some muttering against a policy that had compelled the withdrawal of the best player from the baseball nine. But the moulders of School opinion were all supporters of that policy, and they actively combated the rebellious movement. The popular sympathy that showed signs of turning to Rudolf, as unjustly treated, they skillfully diverted instead to Jim Dubois; the callous way in which Rudolf had commented on the murder of his friend's mother was emphasized. The explanation went through the School that Rudolf was so pro-German as not to be a good American, and that his utterances about the Lusitania had made it impossible for good Americans to coöperate cheerfully with him in any cause. So the agitation was soon quelled, especially as Rudolf did nothing to foment it.

He went with the rest of the School to the St. John's game, which was played at St. John's that year. In the train he was left to himself until Kenneth, passing through the car, saw him and sat down with him.

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"You've not been out to see any of the practice or any of the other games," said Kenneth. "How does it happen that you're going to this?"

"Patriotic duty — if you can believe such a thing of a pro-German," Rudolf answered with a smile. "I've kept away from the practice because I knew I was n't wanted. But I felt it could n't do any harm to come and root for you fellows to-day."

"It can't be any great pleasure for you to do it," observed Kenneth.

"It will be pleasure enough if I see you win; then I shan't mind the rest of it."

"You have a good spirit about some things anyway."

"I also thought that in case it happened — in case you might need me — I ought to be on hand. You understand I'm not making a bid to be allowed to play," added Rudolf proudly. "I should hate to have to play, knowing how every one is feeling about me. But I felt it was only doing my duty by the School to be within call."

"I'll tell Joe Casson. I imagine that no matter how the game goes, there will be nothing doing."

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On alighting at the railroad station Kenneth parted from Rudolf. The members of the nine climbed into automobiles; the others started out to walk the mile that lay between the station and St. John's School. Rudolf walked quiet and alone in the midst of the gay and chattering throng, though now and then some younger boy would come up to him and shyly express regret that he was not to play.

At the School entrance a big automobile was drawn up under an elm by the side of the road, and a tall man in a linen duster was standing up in it surveying the passing crowd. In the rear of the automobile sat a lady and a young girl, looking out, like the man, with an eager, searching gaze.

Rudolf saw them and gasped. Then they saw him, simultaneously; the big man waved an arm and shouted, "Rudolf!" and the lady and the young girl called to him in delight.

Rudolf felt a sinking of the heart. For the first time in his life he was sorry to see his family. This unforeseen visitation could have no pleasant consequences.

But he dissembled his feelings. He got in be-

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side his mother and sister. "This is the biggest surprise I ever had," he said. "How did you people happen to turn up here?"

"We only learned last week when your game was to be," said his father. "You neglected to tell us. We thought we all needed a change, and we decided to take you by surprise. We started from home yesterday morning, and here we are. I felt it would do us all good to see you play. We must n't keep you now; run along and get ready. We'll see you after the game."

"I'm not playing," said Rudolf.

"Not playing! What's the matter?"

"I had to resign from the team."

"Why?"

"There was so much feeling after the Lusitania — the mother of one of the fellows was drowned —"

"So they persecute you!" Mr. Hertz's voice was savage, and his face was stern. "Well, we shall see." He turned to the chauffeur. "Drive now to the ball-field."

Mrs. Hertz leaned forward anxiously. "If Rudolf's not going to play, we don't care to see the game, Carl. It will be pleasanter just

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to drive round the country and talk with him."

"We will go to the ball-field," replied her husband.

Rudolf felt alarmed. There was a ring of decision in his father's voice that was most disturbing.

At the edge of the playing-field a number of automobiles were parked; the people sitting in them commanded a good view of the ball-ground, on which the St. John's nine was already practicing.

Mr. Hertz got out of his car. "Elizabeth, you stay here with your mother. Rudolf, come with me."

"What is it you're going to do, father?" Rudolf asked.

"I am going to have this injustice rectified."

"Father, don't attempt anything so foolish. You'll only create a scene; you'll be appearing ridiculous."

"No, I am never ridiculous. Come, Rudolf."

"Father, you must n't. You'll humiliate me, and make yourself look foolish."

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"It is never foolish to stand up for one's rights. Come, Rudolf."

"No, father. It won't do."

"You will not come with me? Very well; then I go alone."

Mr. Hertz started off at a stride.

"Father!" cried Elizabeth, almost in tears.

"Carl!" pleaded Mrs. Hertz. But he ignored the appeals.

"I guess I'd better go with him and do what I can to hold him down," sighed Rudolf.

And as he got out of the car Elizabeth sobbed, "Oh, I'd looked forward to it so — and I wish now we'd never come!"

Rudolf overtook his father, gathered his arm into his own, and walked with him, remonstrating.

"No, Rudolf." Mr. Hertz shook himself free impatiently. "I shall not let such treatment pass without a protest."

He made his way through the line of St. Timothy's spectators, and, followed by Rudolf, advanced to the group of players who were gathered near the home plate.

"Is the St. Timothy's captain here?" he asked.

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Joe Casson stepped forward. Then, before Mr. Hertz could speak, Rudolf struck in: "Joe, this is my father. He's determined to say something, I don't know just what, but probably I'll like it even less than you will."

"I came on here," said Mr. Hertz, "to see my boy play in this game. I saw him win the game last year; I knew he had been elected captain of this year's team. He never wrote home of any change in conditions, and I and his mother and sister arrived here to surprise him and see him play. Now he tells me that he is not to play — for reasons that have nothing to do with his baseball ability. He is not permitted to play because he is pro-German. Do I put it correctly?"

"Not quite," answered Casson. "We played football and hockey with him when he was pro-German. It was his defending the Lusitania atrocity that was too much for us."

"It is you boys undertaking to pass judgment that is too much for me," exclaimed Mr. Hertz in his choleric voice. "Let me tell you it is not for you to pass judgment. No. Let me tell you also it is not for the boys of a school

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to ostracize one of their number for his views about the war. And it is not for the members of a ball nine to depose their captain and forbid him to play because he defends the land of his ancestors from malicious attack. No!"

Mr. Hertz kept his angry eyes fixed on Casson, who defiantly returned the gaze. Then Mr. Hertz swept his glance over the increasing throng of his auditors, which included boys and masters of St. John's as well as St. Timothy's. Rudolf stood with his lips compressed and looked straight ahead of him, enduring as bravely as he could this martyrdom and wondering how much longer it was to last. A glimpse of Lightner on the edge of the crowd, wearing a contented and scornful smile, increased the bitterness of his suffering.

"I do not ask you as a favor," Mr. Hertz cried, "I demand it on behalf of my son as his right — the right to which by his record last year he is entitled — that he play in this game."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hertz, that you should be disappointed," Casson said. "But there's no right about it. The fellows did n't like the way Rudolf talked about the Lusitania, and they

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decided they would n't play on the same team with him any more. They feel just the same now as they did then. When he found out what the situation was, he very properly resigned."

"He would never have resigned if he had not been persecuted! It is persecution of him because he is pro-German. It is his right to be pro-German, it is his right to play ball."

"It's also the right of the rest of us to decline to play ball with him," replied Casson. "He recognized that. That's why he resigned."

"That's perfectly true, father," said Rudolf. "I have n't the slightest ground for protest."

"I will not have you stay longer to suffer under a boycott like this," said Mr. Hertz. "I would have removed you from the School. You shall leave it now — at once. I do not propose to have you subjected to this insolence — these insults. You will come away with me — at once."

He turned and pushing Rudolf by the arm marched away from the amazed crowd. Some one — Rudolf was morally sure it was Lightner — raised a faint, derisive cheer.

Rudolf was hot with shame and indignation.

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He did not trust himself to speak. His father, still grasping him by the arm, marched him to the automobile. Mrs. Hertz and Elizabeth, seeing the expression on Rudolf's face and that on his father's, sat mute and frightened.

"We will drive over to St. Timothy's and you will get your things, Rudolf," said Mr. Hertz. "Then you will come home with us."

"Father, I don't want to leave the School like this," pleaded Rudolf. "I want to finish the year out. It's only a few days more —"

"Not an hour longer are you to stay in a place where you have been so insulted," said Mr. Hertz. "I shall not pay out money to expose you to one day more of humiliation in St. Timothy's School."

"The only real humiliation is what I've just passed through," said Rudolf bitterly.

"Oh, you are only imagining that. The real humiliation is to stay on and on in a place where you have been so treated. It is unworthy of you to want to continue in such conditions; it is a concession of spirit and pride. Come, now get in and we will start."

"Father, I want to stay and see the game;

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I want to go back to School with the fellows; I —”

“Once more, no! Come, get in.”

Rudolf's eyes flashed. “Suppose I refuse?”

“Then you shift for yourself from that moment.”

“Rudolf!” Mrs. Hertz cried imploringly.

“Don't exasperate your father; don't, dear! We must n't have a break in the family! If your father insists — come home with us, Rudolf!”

There was even more pleading in her eyes than in her voice. She held out her hand to him entreatingly. Elizabeth said, in a low tone, “I had to leave my school early too, Rudolf — and yours has only a few days to run.”

So Rudolf took his seat beside his mother. But it was a silent drive for the thirty miles to St. Timothy's School.

Mrs. Hertz and Elizabeth helped Rudolf to pack. Mr. Hertz sat looking on and talked.

“The persecution to which we of German blood are subjected is intolerable. At the Point we are quite cut off. Because one day at the Country Club I undertook to demonstrate that

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the sinking of the Lusitania was justified, I received an insolent communication from the Secretary. He notified me that the Executive Committee wished me to remain away until after the war and would remit my dues in the meanwhile. Of course I sent in my resignation at once."

"It does seem awfully hard on you children, that you won't be able to go to the club any more," said Mrs. Hertz.

"Because I will not wave my hat and shout for England and France I am regarded as not a good American!" cried Mr. Hertz. "Well, then, I wish I had never become an American; yes, it is my daily regret."

"No, father, you don't mean that!" exclaimed Rudolf.

"Yes. Why should I not mean it? What does America do for my protection? My business is interfered with, it is spied upon; does the American Government do anything to protect me? Nothing. Yes, I curse the day on which I became an American citizen."

"Oh, father!" cried Rudolf. Then, as his father gave no heed and continued his tirade,

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Rudolf gloomily subsided. "Oh, well, what's the use!" he muttered.

When his trunk was packed, he called the janitor and arranged to have it sent home by express. Then he wrote a note of explanation and good-bye and left it on Kenneth's desk.

"Now I must go to the rectory and say good-bye to Dr. Davenport," he said.

His father accompanied him, supplemented Rudolf's explanation with an indignant speech, and remained obdurate to the Rector's pleading. Dr. Davenport turned at last to Rudolf.

"I feel very badly about this, Rudolf; I'm sorry your school career should end in this way. There has never been a boy in St. Timothy's who had more than you the quality of leadership. I respect you for the self-control and manliness you've shown. Good-bye, my boy."

The sudden tribute, the affectionate tone in which it was given, and the warm pressure of the hand that accompanied it stirred Rudolf's emotions; he found himself unable to reply except with a murmured word; and he turned away lest the self-control and manliness on

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which he had just been complimented should break down.

So he departed from St. Timothy's and exchanged no word of farewell with any of his schoolmates. As the automobile sped over the crest of the hill, he looked back and took a last glimpse of the ivy-covered dormitory in which he had lived and worked, of the green, deserted playing-field where he had spent many happy afternoons, of the chapel tower, under which upon so many days he had sat and dreamed.

IX

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THROUGHOUT the summer vacation that had begun so unpromisingly Rudolf found life overcast always with the tragedy of the war. He and Elizabeth talked freely together.

"I can stand anything except having father wish that we were n't Americans," Elizabeth said. "Of course, there's nothing but German blood in our veins, but I don't feel German, I feel American, and I want to be American, not German. Things are n't going to be with me as I had supposed they would be. Like most of the girls at school, I had simply looked forward to coming out and having a gay time for three or four years. Now, of course, coming out and having a gay time are out of the question. I'm going to learn to be a business woman. This next winter I mean to take a course at a business college. If I don't have some active interest to occupy my mind I shall go mad. I want to learn to do something worth while and be able to feel that I can look out for myself."

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"That's mighty sensible," Rudolf answered. "But it's a shame that you should be so isolated from all your old friends. A fellow can stand that sort of thing, but it's pretty rough on a girl. Just what happened, anyway, that father had to resign from the Country Club?"

"Nobody knows better than you how he talks when he gets started. Mr. and Mrs. Warner, who were members of the club, went down with the Lusitania. Father lost sight of that fact when he began one day on the club piazza."

"I see," said Rudolf. "Just the way I got in bad for defending the Germans when Jim Dubois's mother had been drowned."

"But, of course, you never talked as father does when he gets excited. I can understand why he should have had to resign."

"Yes," said Rudolf, "I can perfectly well understand. Sometimes when I let myself think of that day at St. John's, I feel as if I almost hated him."

"Rudolf!"

"I try not to think of it. But it left a sore spot. I'll get over it some time. I think father

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realizes himself he went too far. I think he's trying to be extra kind this summer."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "I think he is."

Certainly Mr. Hertz seemed for the most part in a state of exaltation. He was almost truculently good-humored. The progress of the war supplied him with incidents to exult over, and no one could exult more buoyantly, more flamboyantly. The German armies in the East were driving the Russians before them at will, from the Baltic to the Carpathians; at Gallipoli the British were spending themselves in vain; in France the German lines were standing firm; nowhere did the forces of the Entente show a victory.

"Oh," said Mr. Hertz to his family, "soon the war will be over. Russia will be put out; Germany will then crush France; and then England; yes, England! God speed the day! And when that day comes, what shall you see over here? A great running to cover of the Anglomaniacs. Germany will control the trade of Europe, and the American bankers and merchants that have gambled on the success of Germany's enemies — can you imagine what

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will become of them? And plenty of people in New York who now avoid us will be glad enough to claim our friendship. Don't trouble yourselves over this temporary unpopularity. A German victory will soon make a difference — oh, a very great difference. And then shall thrift follow fawning? We shall see, we shall see."

He rubbed his hands together and smiled cheerfully.

To be sure, there were disconcerting episodes — the sinking of the Arabic, for instance. But he readily accepted the German explanation that the Arabic had tried to ram an innocent submarine and that the submarine commander had acted merely in self-defense. Rudolf ventured to express some skepticism.

"There's one thing that I don't like about the German statements," he said. "They're not always true."

His father looked at him in amazement. "As when?"

"They said the Lusitania was armed, and it's been shown that she was n't. And then, at the very beginning, before war was declared,

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Germany announced that a French airman had dropped bombs on Freiburg and Nuremberg; that was made one of the grounds for going to war against France. Afterwards the Germans admitted that no French airman had ever dropped bombs on those places."

"Yes, I believe there was an error in both those instances."

"It must have been a deliberate error in the case of the charge against the French. The charge was made officially; it was an official falsehood."

Mr. Hertz twisted his mustache and looked at Rudolf a moment.

"I cannot pretend to explain how such things happened," he said. "All I know is that for the two inaccuracies you cite against the German Government, the English, French, and Russian Governments have lied a hundred times."

Rudolf believed that assertion to be true, but he longed for evidence to sustain his faith. The summer of German successes had done something to undermine it. Had this powerful, conquering Germany ever really been in danger of

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attack from disorganized Russia, overmatched France, unprepared England? Had the Imperial Government that had offered false statements in two instances to justify its course been scrupulously truthful in its presentation of the causes of the war?

And incidents from Kenneth's book, "The Evidence of Alleged German Outrages," stuck in Rudolf's mind. He could not forget them; he hoped they were lies; he wished he were sure they were lies! The sinking of the *Lusitania*, though he had defended it, the torpedoing of the *Arabic*, though he believed it must have been in self-defense, caused him to give even less credence than before to the theory that Lord Bryce and his committee had been imposed upon by fabricated testimony. Moreover, he found himself less inclined than a year ago to accept his father's arguments and opinions as conclusive.

Yet he remained sympathetic with Germany and the Germans, and hoped and expected to see them victorious. And he shared his father's bitter feeling against the Administration for permitting the trade in munitions with England

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and France and for not insisting on the right to trade with Germany.

"I suppose you'll be discriminated against at Harvard just as at St. Timothy's and as here," said Mr. Hertz one day. "Never mind; stick it out and remember that there's a good time coming. We who have been loyal to the Fatherland and to America's best interests — we shall have our turn."

It was such an admonition and such a promise that formed Mr. Hertz's farewell message on the September morning when he and Mrs. Hertz and Elizabeth were seeing Rudolf off for Cambridge.

"Keep away from the worst of the pro-Ally Harvard professors," he adjured his son. "There are two or three that are pro-German. Make yourself known to them — see all you can of them."

Rudolf's mother found an opportunity to slip in a timid appeal, unheard by her husband.

"Don't be too extreme, Rudolf, dear; I know it's a temptation when one feels strongly, but you'll be happier, I'm sure — I sometimes wish —"

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She left the sentence unfinished. He knew what she meant; they would all have been happier if his father had been less "extreme."

In Rudolf's first weeks at Harvard it seemed to him that his views about the war neither invited attention nor affected his situation. The University was not like St. Timothy's, where the color and life of the whole School were altered by happenings to one or two persons. At Harvard a fellow led his own independent life; so it seemed to Rudolf in those early days. He had casual meetings with his St. Timothy's friends. Kenneth came to see him, Jim Dubois cut him. Kenneth and Jim were rooming together; because of that fact Rudolf did not return Kenneth's call. Mac Rivington and Joe Casson were at Yale, but there were other St. Timothy's boys among the Harvard freshmen who spoke to him pleasantly enough when they passed, but who otherwise avoided him.

On the football field he established his prestige and had an opportunity to make new friends. He played on the freshman football eleven; yet he was aware that the other mem-

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bers of the team held rather aloof from him. One day after the practice the captain, Frank Richmond, walked home with him and suddenly asked, "Hertz, is it true that you're not only pro-German, but that you defend the sinking of the Lusitania?"

"I'm pro-German," Rudolf replied. "About the Lusitania, I've come to think that, though the Germans had a technical right to sink her, it was a mistake."

"A mistake! Not a crime?"

"If you have a technical right to do a thing, do you commit a crime?"

"Oh, cut out the technicalities!" exclaimed Richmond impatiently. "Do you look at it in just a cold-blooded way?"

"No," Rudolf responded. "I remember that the Lusitania was carrying munitions to kill and maim German soldiers. My cousin in the German army had both legs blown off — very likely by an American shell. I don't take a cold-blooded view of the Lusitania. It was a frightful tragedy — for Germany as well as for the relatives of those on board. But I can understand why Germany did it, why she felt

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justified in doing it, and I don't take the view that it was simply an atrocious massacre on the high seas."

"You take a different view then from mine," observed Richmond.

"I know my view is n't the popular one. I'm not forcing it on you or anybody else. You asked me for it."

"I did, for I did n't believe what I'd heard about you. But it seems to be more or less true." Richmond's tone indicated disappointment, and after this talk he made no effort to establish closer relations with Rudolf.

In fact, during the first part of Rudolf's college course, notwithstanding his participation in class athletics, the friendships that he formed were casual rather than cordial. Fellows liked him superficially, but chose not to become too intimate with a pro-German who defended the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He realized his mental and social loneliness, and tried through application to athletics and to studies to prevent it from affecting his spirits. But eventually it did affect his spirits.

For after Christmas military training began

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in the University. It was optional; but more than a thousand students enrolled themselves for it and formed what was called the Harvard Regiment. They were equipped with uniforms and rifles; they drilled on the field that had been presented to the University as a memorial to some of its graduates who had died in the Civil War. Most of the men in college who were prominent in athletics joined the regiment. But Rudolf did not join it. He knew that it had been organized because the tension between the United States and Germany was growing more acute. He felt that the United States was wrong in the stand that it had taken; and if war should come because of it he was resolved not to volunteer. No, he would not voluntarily fight against Germany in an unjust cause. These college mates of his who volunteered for training were testifying their willingness, their eagerness to take up arms against Germany.

From his window in one of the freshman dormitories he looked out on an awkward squad drilling in the quadrangle. There were Kenneth and Richmond and Dubois and others whom Rudolf knew. It was their first appearance

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in uniform; they were going through the simplest movements of the squad. Yet as Rudolf watched them the soreness of envy fell upon him. From that first glimpse of these classmates doing that which he forbore to do, his envy rankled and increased. It was accompanied by a sense of shame. He felt that others were wondering why he was not doing his part. When he saw the regiment marching through the College Yard or along the Cambridge streets, he was torn between an impulse to hide and a longing to watch and follow. He never did hide; he looked on with an impassive face while emotion churned within him. On Memorial Day he sat in the Stadium and saw the final drill and review; he held his breath while the regiment marched by in company front, with not a waver or a break in any rank. And when the regiment stood at attention and the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," there was a thrill at his heart and moisture in his eyes.

Afterwards, walking away from the field, he put to himself again and again the yearning question, "Why could n't I have been a part of it? Why could n't I have been a part of it?"

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Yet he knew that being a part of it could not have made him happy. Even if joining the Harvard Regiment had not been interpreted as a proclamation of willingness to fight against Germany, the act would have compromised him should the United States be drawn into the war. It would be difficult then for him, when all his comrades were hastening to enlist, to throw down his rifle and fold his arms. If he was to be a noncombatant in the event of war with Germany, he must not prepare himself as a potential combatant.

Yet it was bitter reasoning for a young man of spirit to adopt. It induced an unwonted moodiness and caused him to lead a more lonely life than before.

If the summer of 1915 at the Point had been tedious, that of 1916 was almost intolerable. The unexpected postponement of German victory had embittered Mr. Hertz. His hatred of the Washington Administration for conduct that he regarded as unneutral and as responsible for the prolongation of the war had been intensified. The events of the summer were disappointing to him. The Battle of the Somme

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was hardly a triumph of German arms; the Russian advance in Galicia was disconcerting; the fall of Gorizia might have serious consequences. Now, as if the anxieties and disappointments occasioned by such a course of events were not enough, his son must bring up for argument the exasperating cases of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, the continued sinking of merchant vessels without warning, the Zeppelin raid on London in which numerous non-combatants were killed; Mr. Hertz felt that Rudolf was showing an unworthy tendency to criticize the German methods of achieving victory. And Rudolf for his part felt that his father was no longer capable of judging German acts with any degree of sanity. His mother displayed a sort of wobbling constancy to the German cause; she would be miserable for days over acts such as those that Mr. Hertz maintained were necessary for the successful prosecution of the war and therefore justified; then they would lose vividness in her mind and she would think only of the sufferings of the Fatherland and the cruel efforts of its enemies to bring about its downfall; and she would busy

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herself enthusiastically with the clerical work that she had undertaken in connection with a campaign for getting milk sent into Germany for starving German babies. Elizabeth was employed as assistant secretary in a settlement house and spent three days a week in New York. She told Rudolf that she thought this country ought to stop exporting munitions to Germany's enemies; if it stopped doing that, the war would soon be over, and surely that was what people in a neutral country ought to want — to have the war come to an end! She thought the Germans had done some hateful things, but no doubt their enemies had done things just as atrocious — though she wished there were some proof of it. Anyway, she was sick of the war, sick of hearing about it and reading about it, and glad that it did n't come into her work in any way. Rudolf felt that she had to some degree detached herself from the family; he noticed that she had acquired the habit of not paying attention to her father when he was in the midst of one of his extensive harangues, and that she often seemed absent-minded when her mother addressed her.

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Rudolf spent much of his time that summer in reading; he read almost exclusively about the war, and he did not confine himself to German sources of information. The more he read, the more disposed was he to be argumentative when he was with his father; and in return Mr. Hertz's outbreaks, which were at first merely irascible, became harsh and savage and were followed by periods of brooding and anger.

When Rudolf returned to Harvard for his sophomore year, he had begun to doubt whether a complete German victory would be a good thing for the world. He had begun to doubt whether the German Government was as innocent of provoking the war as it had protested that it was. He had begun to think that the characterization of Prussian militarism by the spokesmen of the Allies might not be so very wide of the mark. In short, as a result of the reading and thinking that he had done during the summer his mind was in a condition favorable to the reception of new ideas.

And during the next term at Harvard, new ideas came to him — or rather, were forced upon him. The deportation of French women

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and of Belgian civilians, the Armenian massacres, the torpedoing of the *Sussex* and the lame explanation furnished by the German Government, and the Zimmermann note inciting Mexico to war against the United States made a sequence of events that gradually detached Rudolf from the grip of pro-Germanism. The process of his conversion was a silent one: he did not make known to any of his associates the gradual change in his outlook. Not until after the Christmas vacation, not until after the publication of the Zimmermann note; then he applied for admittance to the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, the organization that had succeeded the Harvard Regiment of the preceding year. He was accepted and assigned to the company in which Kenneth was acting as a sergeant, and to the squad of which Jim Dubois was the corporal.

When he appeared in uniform to join the squad, Jim looked at him in amazement. Rudolf said nothing, but took the place in the rear rank assigned to him.

After the drill he went up to Jim and said: —
"I've changed my mind about Germany; and

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I'm here because I want to learn to do my part in fighting Germany when war comes. I was wrong about the Lusitania; I've been wrong about the war from the start."

Jim reached out and grasped his hand. "Rudolf," he said, "that's fine. I used to think you were the best fellow I knew — and now I'll be able to think that about you again."

He pressed Rudolf's hand and looked at him with the old light of affection in his eyes.

Then Kenneth came hurrying up to greet the new recruit, and Jim cried, "He's with us at last, Ken; the old Fritzie's come round!"

"Great news!" shouted Kenneth; he clapped Rudolf on the shoulder and seized his hand. "Now the Huns had better think twice before they force this country into war, had n't they, Jim?"

To Rudolf, after nearly two years of isolation, the sudden dropping of barriers, the hearty and affectionate welcome that he received from those who had been cool to him, was deeply moving. He was happier than he had been since the beginning of the war. To feel that he was again a member of the com-

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munity in good standing filled him with eagerness and confidence.

Only one cloud shadowed his thoughts. What would his father say and do? Rudolf did not immediately write home telling his family of the decision at which he had arrived and the step that he had taken. He wished to wait until he had time to frame a comprehensive, and if possible persuasive, letter. The time never came. Soon after Rudolf's enrollment in the Training Corps, the German Chancellor announced that Germany would embark upon an unrestricted submarine campaign. Two days later, at noon, on Saturday, February 3, the news that the United States had broken off relations with Germany was published. Rudolf telegraphed to his father that he was coming home that afternoon.

He arrived in New York in the evening and took a taxicab to his house. His father and mother and sister displayed more agitation than joy in welcoming him. They all looked worn and harassed. His mother kissed him; he felt her trembling as he held her in his arms. His father showed none of his characteristic buoyancy.

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"We're all glad to see you, Rudolf," he said. "But ever since your telegram came we've been wondering what it was that was bringing you home so unexpectedly. No trouble with the college authorities, I hope?"

"No," said Rudolf. "No. Nothing as serious as that."

But although he spoke lightly, he saw that they were not reassured; in fact, the expression of their faces seemed to indicate that they had hoped it had been trouble with the college authorities that brought him home.

They all went upstairs to the library.

"Sit down and we'll have a talk," said Mr. Hertz.

Rudolf sat down between his mother and Elizabeth on the deep leather sofa fronting the fireplace. Facing them stood Mr. Hertz.

"Now, Rudolf," he said, "what is it?"

"It's the war," said Rudolf. "I have n't told you, but for some time I've been gradually undergoing a change of mind, a change of heart. And now that this country is sure to go to war with Germany, I mean to jump in and fight for this country."

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Mr. Hertz compressed his lips, the big blue vein in his forehead swelled against the white skin, he looked at Rudolf menacingly. As if with an instinct to protect her son Mrs. Hertz dropped her hand over the boy's and held it tight.

"I would rather see a son of mine dead than fighting against the Fatherland," said Mr. Hertz in a low and bitter voice. "Yes. Now you have my answer."

"Carl!" cried his wife; and "Father!" cried his daughter; their tones of indignation mingled into one. "He does n't mean it," said Mrs. Hertz soothingly to Rudolf.

Elizabeth rose to her feet.

"I think it's perfectly shameful for you to talk so!" She looked at her father with eyes more flashing than his own. "Rudolf's an American; I'm an American; even you are an American. It's a strange thing if you love the Fatherland that you left years ago more than your own son!"

"I did not say that. Sit down, Elizabeth." He waited for her to obey, and after a moment of rebellion she surrendered to the domination

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of his gaze. "This country is about to be plunged wantonly into an unjust war by the English-owned press, by Wall Street, and by the carrion crew, the munition-makers. I will not let Rudolf be sacrificed to such interests."

"I don't intend to be sacrificed," said Rudolf. "I do want to do my bit towards putting down the nation that I hold responsible for all this horror of war."

"I am sorry, indeed, that you could not stand out against the influences that have misled and corrupted this country," replied his father. "I thought you had more strength of mind."

"I stood out far too long," said Rudolf. "I was too slow in realizing what sort of Government it is that the Germans suffer under, and that the world would suffer under if the Germans should win."

"Crazy talk! If you were slow in finding all this out, you are certainly premature in wanting to fight. There may be no war between the United States and Germany. You had better stop thinking foolish thoughts; go back to college and put your mind on your studies. That is what you are there for."

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"I have n't neglected my studies. But I felt I must tell you I'm getting ready to fight. I've joined the Training Corps at Harvard; if there's war — and I don't doubt for a moment that there will be — I'm going to volunteer."

"Never with my consent."

"Then without it. You must remember I passed my twenty-first birthday last month."

Mr. Hertz turned to his wife.

"Talk to him, Margaret. Do you want him to fight?"

"No, Rudolf," said Mrs. Hertz; "of course I don't want you to fight. I don't see why it's necessary. I don't see why it's necessary for this country to get into the war. Even if it does, there are plenty of young men who have n't the ties that you have —"

"I want to do my part," repeated Rudolf firmly. "As for ties, sentiment for Germany — all that means nothing to me now. It's a nation gone mad under a criminal Government; we're going to fight it, and I'm going to fight it."

"There is no need to decide the question to-night," said his father. "We had all better

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sleep on it. Then we can discuss it at length to-morrow."

Rudolf rose and kissed his mother good-night. She flung her arms round his neck and cried, "Oh, Rudolf, dear, when I think what happened to Friedrich, I can't bear to have you go to war!"

"That's no argument, mother. I suppose every soldier's mother must feel that way."

She clung to him; he petted her a moment, and then she released him and wiped her eyes.

"Good-night," he said to his father.

"Good-night, Rudolf."

"I'm with you, Rudolf." Elizabeth flung a look of challenge at her father, which he ignored; then she turned her face up to her brother for his good-night kiss.

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Hertz said, in the presence of all the family:—

"Now, Rudolf, you and I will go into the library and have a talk. We wish not to be interrupted." He directed the remark to his wife and daughter, preceded Rudolf into the library, and closed the door.

"Now, my boy," he said, "you must not let

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yourself get excited. You are in an excited state of mind; you must not act when you are excited. You must not act from a misguided and hysterical sense of patriotism. If the Washington Administration is foolish enough to declare war on Germany, the people of this country should be wise and patriotic enough to conduct only a nominal war. Germany does not desire war with the United States; the mass of people in the United States does not desire war with Germany. To refuse to support a Government that goes counter to the will of the mass of the people is to act wisely and patriotically. To talk of springing to the colors, enlisting, volunteering — all that is evil talk. Let us have no more of it. You have been in an atmosphere that has excited your nerves — boys in uniform, war talk in the air; come, now, steady yourself. You want to serve your country; the best service you can render your country is to give up wild belligerent ideas and settle down to your studies.”

“Father,” said Rudolf, “I’ve thought the whole thing out, and I mean to respond to the first call for volunteers.”

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"Ridiculous! Very likely this whole trouble will blow over without war. Even if there is war, you must not think of volunteering. Let the Americans who are not of German blood volunteer if they like."

"I would rather be a volunteer than a conscript."

"Do not worry. There will be no conscription. This country would never stand for it."

"I'm not so sure. And I would n't want to wait to be drafted."

"You would not have to serve. I would see to that."

"How?"

Mr. Hertz shrugged his shoulders.

"How were conscripts excused in the Civil War?"

"You mean you'd buy my exemption?"

"If necessary, yes."

"And you think, father, I'd consent to that?"

"Why not? It would show a better spirit than wanting to fight against the people of your own blood."

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"I'm afraid we shall never agree on this, father. I don't like to do anything you disapprove of, but my mind is made up; I'm going to prepare myself for war, and when war comes I'm going to enlist."

Mr. Hertz looked at his son, at the lines of his face, realized his own impotence, and exploded in sudden fury: —

"Then let me tell you just what that will mean for you. It will mean that henceforth you get not one cent from me. Your allowance is cut off. Your college course ends. Everything ends. You may stay under my roof and eat at my table, but otherwise everything stops — everything. Do you understand?"

"Yes. I understand." Rudolf stood up, pale, proudly defiant. "I can get along without the money, father. I am sorry, though, to lose your love."

He looked at him a moment; his father's savage expression did not relax. Rudolf turned and walked out of the room.

His mother and sister were waiting, anxious, apprehensive, in the room across the hall. Rudolf went in to them.

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"It's no use," he said. "Father can't see things as I do, and — well, he's cut me off. I'll take the next train to Boston."

His mother looked at him aghast.

"Cut you off!" cried Elizabeth. "You mean — disowned you?"

"Perhaps not quite that. But as I refuse to change my plans, my allowance is to cease, I'm to shift for myself. I can do it all right; it won't be a bad thing for me."

"I'm going in to talk with your father," began Mrs. Hertz tremulously; but Rudolf checked her.

"No, he'll only lose control of himself if you do, mother. He's all wrought up as it is. It's better that I should disappear right now — that he should n't see me again. Perhaps he'll come to feel differently after a while. Don't you and Elizabeth worry about me; I shall get along. And anyway pretty soon the Government will be taking care of me."

"As if there were any comfort for me in that thought," wailed his mother. She put her head on Rudolf's breast and cried.

"I think," said Elizabeth in a clear, deliber-

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ate voice, — “I think that father is a perfect Prussian!”

Then she was aware that her father was standing in the hall and had heard the remark. He made no comment, but passed on down the stairs.

X

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RUDOLF found the task of self-support at Harvard less difficult than he had expected. The college authorities, to whom he applied, recommended him as a tutor to freshmen and to backward or delinquent students of his own class; and soon he had all the work that he could do. His advantages were exceptional; not only had his application to his studies given him a high rank and qualified him for tutoring, but his reputation as an athlete served as an advertisement that was attractive to freshmen and sophomores who were in need of help. Moreover, some of his friends were active in his behalf, though he did not know it. He had felt it necessary to explain to Kenneth and one or two others the sudden alteration in his circumstances, from affluence to penury; he had said that he had broken with his father over the war and henceforth was "on his own." Kenneth, Jim Dubois, and Frank Richmond

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immediately busied themselves in hunting up pupils for him — with such success that he returned to his mother the check that she had sent him; he wrote that if he was ever in need of funds he would let her know, but that at present he was coining money, hand over fist.

He rose early and went to bed late; he was working twelve hours a day. Military studies had to be fitted in at odd times, but he showed an aptitude for them and a soldierly spirit that were soon appreciated. When the Training Corps was enlarged by accessions owing to the increasing criticalness of the political situation, Rudolf and Jim Dubois were transferred to the new company that was formed; Jim was made a sergeant, Rudolf a corporal.

"You'll soon work your way to the top, Rudolf," Jim said to him. "You're catching on better than any one I ever saw."

Studying, tutoring, drilling, Rudolf had his time too completely occupied to dwell much on the break with his father. Yet every day when the postman made his rounds Rudolf had a faint hope that there would be a letter for him in the familiar hand, and felt a faint disappoint-

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ment each time, as there was none. From his mother and Elizabeth he learned that his father was morose and silent, that he suppressed with asperity all the efforts they made to have him reconsider Rudolf's case. "He won't talk about you at all," Elizabeth wrote despairingly, "and he won't let us talk to him about you. But we do it just the same—until he gets up and leaves the room. I'm glad he overheard that remark I made about his being a perfect Prussian. He said to me the next day quite stiffly, 'I want you to remember, Elizabeth, that there is nothing of the Prussian in me. I am South German, through and through!' I was saucy and answered, 'It was your spirit I was thinking of, not your ancestors.' He just looked at me. You remember how he used to dislike the Prussians before the war."

Later Elizabeth wrote: "Bethmann-Hollweg's speech saying that Germany never meant to keep its pledges to the United States, but was only waiting until it had enough submarines to wage an unrestricted campaign successfully, has cheered me up a good deal. I am hammering father with that, and there is no doubt

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about it, he squirms. Mother has swung all the way round and talks against the Kaiser in father's presence just as freely as I do myself. No sign of relenting as yet, so far as you are concerned, but anyway father's miserable. I never supposed I should be glad to see him miserable, but now the more miserable he is the better I like it. It means that some time he'll come to his senses."

Rudolf was not so hopeful. He had no faith that his father would ever withdraw from a position that he had once taken — even though the waters were covering him.

After the declaration of war in April the members of the Training Corps waited expectantly for the announcement that would designate Harvard as one of the Federal camps. They were disappointed; at the news that Plattsburg was to be the training camp for candidates from New England and that only those who were at least twenty years and nine months old in May would be enrolled, the disappointment of a good many became more keen. But for Rudolf there was no disappointment. He was of age; he did not care where

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he trained; he was impatient now to be done with what had suddenly become the side-issues of college life. The opening of the Plattsburg camp was set for the middle of May; he received his order to report there on May 14. But before that time he took part as a member of the Harvard Training Corps in two exercises that had for him a peculiar significance.

The first was on April 27, when the three battalions that formed the unit marched through the streets of Boston escorting from the railroad station to the Harvard Club the six French officers who had been detailed to the University by the French Government. Along the way the French Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes waved side by side. At the station Rudolf had only a glimpse of the officers in their light-blue uniforms as they got into the automobiles in which they were to ride; he had only one other glimpse of them when, passing the Harvard Club, he turned his eyes towards the reviewing stand. Above their heads were the flags of Harvard, of his country, and of France, and he thought how strange it was that now, to these men who had been fighting against the nation

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that for more than two years he had upheld, he should be doing honor.

The occasion of his last appearance with the Harvard unit was even more memorable. On May 12, the day before Rudolf left for Plattsburg, Marshal Joffre visited Boston and came to Cambridge to receive from Harvard University an honorary degree. After the ceremony the Field Marshal in his full uniform stood on the steps of University Hall and reviewed the Harvard battalions as they marched through the Yard. The victor of the Marne, the man who had rolled back the German tide, and, saving France, had saved the world, stood there looking upon the passing of the few hundred young recruits as he had looked upon the passing of thousands of his own soldiers; and Rudolf felt a thrill of veneration, and a sense of pride to be marching before those eyes. Down to Soldiers Field marched the battalions; they entered the Stadium in which the people were gathered as at a football game; and there again they passed in review. At the head of the column the Harvard flag was borne between the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes; and

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the band played the "Marseillaise." Rudolf, marching proudly, realizing that on the field dedicated to the memory of Harvard soldiers who had died for freedom this new generation of Harvard soldiers was dedicating itself to the cause of freedom, could not but feel a pang at the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise." If it could only have been the "Wacht am Rhein"! If it could only have been Germany, not France, that was allied with this country in the fight for freedom! But the "Wacht am Rhein" would not be heard in America for many a long day.

There was a gathering in Rudolf's room that evening. Not many of his classmates were accompanying him to Plattsburg; most of them were under age. But Kenneth was going; Kenneth could just be counted in. Jim Dubois was too young, Frank Richmond was too young; so were all the others who assembled in Rudolf's room, all except Kenneth.

"All we can do is stick it out here in Cambridge and hope that the War Department will recognize the Harvard unit and give us a chance eventually," said Richmond. "You and

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Ken will get your commissions sure; I tell you, I'm envious."

"If the war lasts long enough we'll be in it next summer," said Jim. "I'm going to work so hard that I'll have a brigadier's knowledge by that time. It makes me sick, though, not to get into it at once. Nobody has a better right than I to be in it — except, perhaps, Ken."

There was silence. Then Kenneth said: —

"What a crazy kind of a college course it's been. Pretty good education, though, — may be better than we'd have got if everything had been normal."

"I wonder if we'll ever come back here to finish it out," mused Rudolf. "Or if we're getting all through with it to-night."

He looked out on the College Yard, quiet in the May evening; the lights in the dormitories at the opposite side of the quadrangle showed yellow through the trees. It was all peaceful, academic, serene; yet the only thoughts were of war.

"Oh, we've got to come back and finish out our course," said Kenneth cheerfully. "I

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shan't be satisfied until I've seen you catching against Yale, Rudolf, — and until I've had a chance to pitch against Yale."

"I think you'll be back and playing ball at this time next year," said Jim Dubois. "The war will be over before next winter."

They speculated then about the duration of the war, how it would end, what would be the final settlement — speculations of the sort in which they had indulged daily for months. At last Kenneth said, "I'd better be about my packing." And Richmond said, "We're keeping Rudolf from his. Good-bye, old man — I shan't see you to-morrow, for I'm going out of town." He spoke lightly, as if it were a casual farewell, and Rudolf answered in the same manner, but each held the other's hand a little longer than for an ordinary parting and pressed it a little tighter.

"I'm not going to say good-bye now, Rudolf," declared Jim. "Only good-night."

And the next day he accompanied Rudolf and Kenneth to the train, sat with them in it till it began to move, and then, after he had jumped off, ran along beneath their window,

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waving his hat and shouting nonsense at them until he was left behind.

At the Plattsburg camp, Rudolf and Kenneth were assigned to the same company. In that company Rudolf saw on the first day several faces; among others those of Mac Rivington and Joe Casson. These two old St. Timothy's friends were walking together when their eyes met his; they gave him a greeting that was awkward and constrained. Rudolf smiled.

"Just to make sure I'm not up here as a German spy," he said, "go and talk with Kenneth Park; you'll find him over there."

Mac Rivington protested hastily. "Oh, it was n't that, of course. We were just so startled at seeing you — it sort of bowled us over."

"I don't blame you," said Rudolf. "Go and have a talk with Kenneth just the same."

They looked embarrassed and walked away. A few minutes later they returned to Rudolf.

"We've seen Kenneth," said Joe Casson. "And all I can say, Rudolf, is that I'm mighty glad to be where I can work with you again."

"I might add that there's nobody I'd rather be with in a tight place," said Mac Rivington.

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"Well," answered Rudolf, with the winning smile that had cheered the forlorn hope on the baseball field, "if we're lucky enough to be commissioned lieutenants in the same regiment, we'll show the Germans what St. Timothy's team play is."

It was pleasant to be with these old friends again — and Rudolf appreciated whatever pleasant aspects life had in the days that followed. The letters from home were not encouraging. Elizabeth reported that when her father learned that Rudolf had actually enlisted for military service he had indulged in a passionate outburst. As time went by, the letters indicated that he remained as irreconcilable as ever. In the middle of June the family moved from New York to the Point. Mr. Hertz had wound up his business affairs and was spending all his time at home. "He is lonely and unhappy and mopes round the house and about the place," wrote Elizabeth. "Mother and I always read your letters aloud to each other when he's in the room. He at least stays and listens, but he never makes any comment. He does n't talk very much now about this

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country's inability to do anything in the war. Putting through the Conscription Bill and the Liberty Loan has staggered him, I think. He's so silent, so unlike himself, that it's hard to know just what he does think nowadays."

Meanwhile the stark and naked truth about war was being presented to Rudolf and his fellow workers. One day, during a particularly realistic demonstration of "trench cleaning" with the bayonet, Rudolf heard behind him a faint murmur; he glanced round in time to see Kenneth collapse and his rifle go tumbling with him to the ground.

Rudolf and two others administered first aid; Kenneth quickly revived. The captain in command, who had witnessed the episode, excused him for the rest of the morning; weak and humiliated, Kenneth left the field.

Rudolf sought him out later and found him utterly dejected.

"That finishes my chances," said Kenneth. "No commissions in this camp for softies — I know that."

"You need n't feel you're a softy — and I know you're not," Rudolf answered. "It's all

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enough to turn a man's stomach. There's no disgrace in being affected so by the thought."

"No disgrace for a girl; it's different with a soldier. I ought to be drummed out of camp."

As soon as there was a convenient opportunity, Rudolf went to the captain.

"If it's permitted, sir, I should like to say a word for Park, who fainted during the bayonet instruction this morning," he said.

"All right," the captain answered. "What's the story?"

"I've played baseball and football with Park; there's nothing the matter with his nerve. I've seen it tested and it's as good as any man's. He has the fighting blood. His brother was killed at Ypres. I hope his fainting to-day won't be counted against him."

"I'll answer that, Mr. Hertz, by telling you about a young chap I know. He went over to France to drive an ambulance; he'd never seen a serious accident, he'd never seen anybody badly hurt in his life. The first day that he carried wounded men he fainted six times. He stuck to the work, and he soon conquered the fainting habit. Not only that; after a while he

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made up his mind that in this war he must take a more active part than that of driving an ambulance; the things he saw, the things he heard, inflamed him. He entered the aviation service; after he had been flying at the front for a month he was shot down, badly wounded, but he did n't faint till after he had made a landing inside his own lines. Now he is recovered and is flying again. You see, I don't regard a man's fainting as significant. And even if I did, Mr. Hertz, I don't mind saying that a guarantee from you would have a good deal of weight with me."

"Thank you, sir." Rudolf saluted and turned to go.

"Send Mr. Park to me, Mr. Hertz. He might like to hear that story."

Rudolf transmitted to Kenneth the captain's summons, and did not offer any explanation of it.

"Here's where I get my discharge," said Kenneth with resignation. "I had a feeling the captain would n't lose any time about it."

Rudolf set about cleaning his rifle. He was still at it when Kenneth returned, radiant.

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"You old rascal!" cried Kenneth; and Rudolf said nothing, but looked at him with a twinkle in his eyes.

The next day there was more realistic instruction with the bayonet, and Kenneth, though his face was white and the sweat was beaded on his forehead, did not faint.

As the end of the three months' term of training drew near, the nervous tension in the camp increased. Anxiety to win commissions was accompanied by a more vivid understanding of the responsibility that a commission imposed upon a man. It was a grim and grave business which they all aspired to perform; it meant the direct responsibility for the lives of the fifty or the two hundred and fifty men who might be placed under their command; the thought was one to daunt young hearts that had never before known a care. Those who had been mere boys at the beginning of the camp left it full-grown men.

The morning came when the company was assembled to learn the results of its three months of work.

"Commissions in the order of rank have been

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awarded as follows," announced the captain; and then he read the list — a major, four captains, then — "First lieutenant, Rudolf Hertz, George Brigham —"

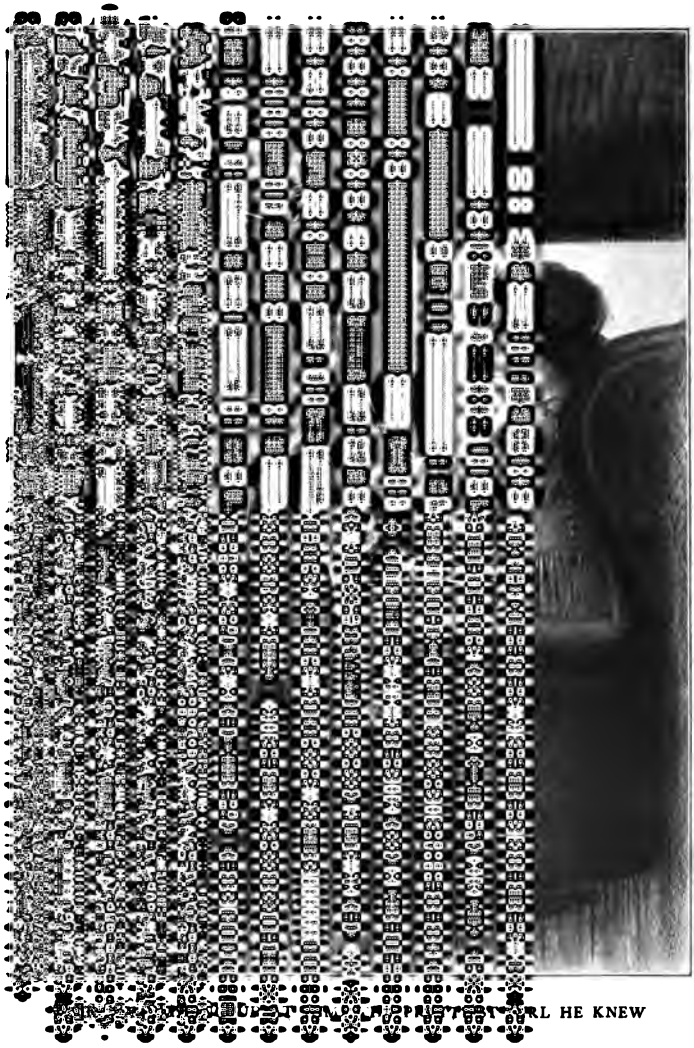
Rudolf gasped, then flushed with happiness and pride. First man on the list of first lieutenants — incredible! He listened eagerly to the roll. "Kenneth Park, Robert Dunlap, Malcolm Rivington, Joseph Casson —" Rudolf felt that his happiness was without a flaw.

Three days later Rudolf in full uniform, with the shoulder bars of a first lieutenant, took a train out of New York for the Point. As he walked through the car looking for a seat, Cornelia Boyce reached out her hand to him.

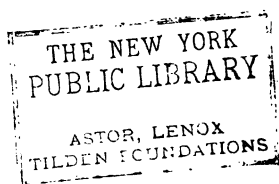
"Rudolf!"

She was smiling up at him, the prettiest girl he knew, the girl whom he had thought about at intervals for two years, yet had never seen except as he had seen the other people at the Point — from a distance. She was smiling up at him, and there was an appealing look in her blue eyes.

He saluted, and then, as she made room for him, he took the seat beside her.



...HE KNEW



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"I read your name in the papers, Rudolf; I was so thrilled! It's splendid. Everybody at the Point is so delighted — and so proud of you!"

Rudolf laughed. "I don't know that I'm anything for the Point to be proud of! But I'm glad people are feeling that way."

"I've hardly seen you for so long." She was glancing up at him, glancing over him, with unconcealed admiration. "How becoming your uniform is! How well you look! Are you to be at the Point for some time, Rudolf?"

"A week or ten days."

"And where do you go then?"

"To France."

She caught her breath. "Oh! So soon!" She was silent a moment, and then she said, with no special relevance: "No one ever gave me a military salute before. You seemed to do it so naturally! — You'll let the people at the Point see something of you in the next ten days, won't you? You won't just stick at home, the way you've done the last two years?"

"Of course I shall want to be with my family a good deal," Rudolf replied. "But if you think

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it's safe, I shall probably go off the place occasionally."

They talked together then without constraint; she told him about the friends at the Point and drew from him a partial account of his own experiences. But at that she felt she had hardly made more than a beginning when the train drew into the Point station.

"How exciting to be your family this minute!" she said. And then she added, glancing up at him, "How exciting to be you!"

Descending the steps of the car, he saw far up the platform his mother and sister. He turned for a parting salute to Cornelia and then hastened towards them, while Elizabeth came running to him. Kisses and embraces and exclamations — Rudolf was glad when they were over — and glad to have them too.

His father was not there. "We gave him the opportunity to come with us," said Elizabeth as they were driving home. "But he did n't respond."

"I hope he won't mind having me round the house for a few days," said Rudolf.

"Of course he won't — he'll be glad — just

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as glad as I am!" exclaimed his mother. "I think it's a struggle for him all the time to maintain his appearance of indifference."

Mr. Hertz was not waiting on the piazza to greet them.

"He's probably in the library," said Rudolf's mother; she was trembling with nervousness. "Go in to him, Rudolf; we'll all go in to him."

As Rudolf entered, his father rose slowly from the deep leather chair in which he had been sitting. "How are you, Rudolf?" he said; he spoke pleasantly enough and held out his hand, but there was no warmth of affection in his tone.

Rudolf shook hands with his father, said, "You're looking fine, father"; and then there was an awkward pause.

"How long shall you be here, Rudolf?" asked Elizabeth.

"A week or ten days."

"Is that all! Where do you go then?"

"To France."

"Oh, Rudolf!" His mother's face blanched; then she came and flung her arms about him and began to sob.

"Don't cry, mother. After all, I shan't be

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put right into the trenches; I'm going over to get further instruction. The war may end before any of our troops see much fighting."

Mrs. Hertz, still sobbing, shook her head. "And the danger of crossing — those cruel submarines!"

"They have n't got any of our men yet, and I guess my chances are good." Rudolf petted and stroked her. "Of course, I knew you'd have to cry, I suppose every soldier's mother does, but now you've got the crying out of your system, and just believe what I'm telling you; I'm coming back all right."

His mother made no answer, only looked at him with loving, agonizing eyes. Meanwhile his father had walked over to the window and stood there, looking out.

Elizabeth, who had preserved more self-control than her mother, felt it was time to turn the talk into another channel.

"I saw that your name headed the list of first lieutenants in your company, Rudolf," she said. "Does that mean anything special?"

"Oh, a little. The commissions were awarded in the order of rank."

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"Then you rank all the other first lieutenants?"

"In that company, yes."

"And you'll be first in line for promotion to a captaincy?"

"Yes."

"Is n't that splendid! Father, don't you think Rudolf has done well?"

"I should expect Rudolf to do well," responded Mr. Hertz.

Yet there was a gleam of pride in his eyes; and when Rudolf at last turned to go to his room, Mr. Hertz gazed after him with an expression that he had not shown when the boy stood before him face to face.

The days before that set for Rudolf's departure passed all too quickly. His mother sighed because she could not be with him every minute of the time. Those days seemed to her the most precious of her life. It was hard that she should have to share that which made them so precious with a young girl whom she scarcely knew — with Cornelia Boyce. Yet it was a comfort to her in those last days to have on every hand the evidence that by the community that had been

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for two years so cold and unfriendly there was no one now more honored than her boy.

Had his father none of a father's feeling?

Mr. Hertz received his wife's and his daughter's bitter reproaches in stoical silence. He abstained from all discussion of the war. He avoided the subject of Rudolf's military training; he showed some interest in questioning his son about his work at Harvard — particularly about his methods of supporting himself. But about the life that immediately confronted Rudolf he was dumb. And Rudolf felt that at his departure he would pass out of the house like a casual visitor, so far as his father was concerned.

The last morning came. For half an hour before Rudolf was to leave for the station his mother and Elizabeth sat with him at the secluded end of the piazza; his mother held his hand and wept and tried to smile. Tears she could yield to now; there must be only a smile at the last.

The chauffeur brought the automobile to the steps.

"I suppose you will go in and say good-bye

THERE IS MY HEART

to your father, Rudolf, — if he will not go to the train to say good-bye to you.”

But at that moment Mr. Hertz appeared at the door and said, —

“Rudolf — all of you — come in a moment.”

They went into the library, and Mr. Hertz then put his hands on Rudolf’s shoulders and in a shaking voice said:—

“Rudolf, my boy, you can’t ever be anything but my dear boy to me. I have found that out. You and I may never quite agree about the German Government, the German people;— even though I do not believe all that I did believe, still you and I may never quite agree. But — Rudolf, my dear, where my boy is, there is my heart.”

He folded Rudolf in his arms and kissed him, with the tears running down his cheeks.

And then Elizabeth came up and kissed her father and said, “You’re not a Prussian at all, father.”

“Well, now, the car is waiting; now we must all be going to the train.” Mr. Hertz spoke briskly, trying to cover up his emotion. “It certainly will not do for Rudolf to miss the train.”

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His wife murmured to him as they went along the hall, "Oh, Carl, it is all that makes his going bearable — that he should go like this."

They reached the station five minutes before train-time. They were standing on the platform when Cornelia Boyce drove up in her runabout.

She got out and came forward with a diffident smile.

"I just wanted to say good-bye; I'm going to run right away," she said apologetically to Mrs. Hertz. She turned and shook hands with Rudolf and said in a matter-of-fact voice, "Good-bye, Rudolf, and good luck."

He answered as calmly, "Good-bye, Cornelia; nice of you to come down."

She turned, nodded to the others, stepped into her car, and drove away.

The train was remorselessly on time. A hug all round, no tears, kisses for every one — and Rudolf had started for France.

A runabout seemed stalled by the roadside just round a bend not far from the station. As the Hertz car passed it, a glimpse of a girl's head bowed over the steering-wheel caused Mr. Hertz to call to his chauffeur to stop.

THERE IS MY HEART

Mrs. Hertz and Elizabeth, wiping their eyes, looked back and saw Cornelia Boyce, sitting up straight now, and wiping her eyes.

"In trouble?" asked Mr. Hertz.

"No, thank you," answered Cornelia brightly. "Just for a little while — somehow — I could n't see to drive."

THE END

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